

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



DECEMBER 1950



The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

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Fireside Chat . . .

Let the exterior of your home reflect all the Christmas warmth and holiday gaiety to be found within. Mona Wyse Cole, in "Christmas Doorways," brings us descriptions and pictures of decorating ideas which were created by the home owners themselves—gay and lovely effects in a variety for every taste and budget.

Hearthstone's special article and study guide for use in the parents' group at your church were written this month by Robert T. Beck, minister of the First Christian Church of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

If two children are less trouble than one would thirteen children be no trouble at all? For the answer, consult Mr. Seab in Rebecca Phillips' gay description of the problems of this father of a baker's dozen during the high-top shoe and gingham pinafore days.

Carl Heinrich Renzing, pastor of a large Lutheran church in the British Zone of Hamburg, gives *Hearthstone's* readers a first-hand sketch of the life of the Christian family in Germany today.

In these days of commercialization we all feel the need stressed by Dorothea Pflug in "Making Christmas Christian," page 37. The author is the wife of Harold Pflug, professor at Eden Theological Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri.

On our cover is Sanzio Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," which hangs in the Pitti Palace in Florence. This painting, as do so many of the Florentine madonnas, radiates with the joy of young motherhood, and is loved for its warm, rich color, as well as for the happy tenderness it expresses.



—Gramstorff Bros., Inc.

Adoration of the Magi

—Burne-Jones.

A Word from

The Word

When Jesus was born . . .

NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him." When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. They told him, "In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it is written by the prophet:

'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art by no means least among the rulers of Judah; for from thee shall come a ruler who will govern my people Israel.'

Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star appeared; and he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found him bring me word, that I too may come and worship him." When they had heard the king they went their way; and lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy; and going into the house they saw the child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshiped him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way.

—Matthew 2:1-12.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON with its gay informality is a grand time to put into effect those original ideas for decorating the outside of the house. Whether you can spend lavishly or must keep within the limits of a modest budget, you can produce much that is beautiful; no other season offers greater scope for the imagination and creative ability.

Seeking novel ideas, we traveled several hundred miles through cities, villages and tiny crossroad communities. In the cities were many elaborate and costly decorations, but surprisingly the small communities surpassed them for cleverness and originality. Mill town or college town, good taste predominated among the hundreds that we viewed, making it somewhat difficult to choose the most outstanding.

Simplicity, the keynote of beauty, was continually emphasized on all types of homes gaily trimmed for the Holiday Season. Many motifs were, of necessity, repeated but each one showed some variation that made it subtly different. A striking example of this occurred in the comparison of two houses featuring giant candle-

sticks. Similar materials had been utilized in both displays but with what a difference in ultimate effect! At one house there was stately beauty in the four-foot red candles set in low outsized Colonial holders with curved handles. Each candle was twined with a tiny rope of western huckleberry leaves and topped with a golden flame-shaped light bulb. Outlined with a heavier rope of the waxy green leaves, the friendly old doorway framed a picture that will live long in the memory of all who saw it. Another such doorway similarly outlined in green brought quick smiles with its pair of gay Santa Claus boots tied with bright ribbon and silhouetted in a quaint glass panel.

Beneath a door canopy, the curved underside painted sky-blue, hung a large white star against a background of evergreen branches. Studded with small frosted light bulbs, it cast a soft moon-like glow over the shrubbery and trees that banked the house. At the step corners, the tiny lights atop two stocky candles in evergreen-lined flowerpots twinkled like two lesser stars in the wide path of light.

A modern Cape Cod house had

made a "Christmas package" of its front door! It was covered with red paper sparkling with silver stars and tied with wide white ribbon into a big bow at the upper corner; into this was tucked a bit of lacy cedar.

A dark brown house with a wide white door displayed a star-shaped wreath of fragrant balsam fir with clusters of natural brown pine cones nestling deep in the green. This was centered with a small figure of Santa Claus, complete with fur-topped boots and flowing whiskers, and illuminated by a tiny light attached to the knocker which it covered; producing a most unusual effect.

Strikingly lovely was an illuminated cross on the edge of a porch roof. Painted white and covered with artificial snow it sparkled in the sunlight and gave off a halo-like glow when the lights were turned on at night.

At another cottage, long graceful sprays of evergreen were used as background for an outsized candy cane. The candy cane motif appeared frequently but the most striking was one four feet high tied with a huge red ribbon bow and standing upright in a snow-bank! The candy cane had been assembled from a length of small ventilator pipe and two matching elbows for the crook. Painted white, it was wound with two-inch red ribbon for the stripe. The simple gaiety of that bright cane caused many a motorist to slow down for a moment and chuckle as he passed it.

Distinctive and lovely was a glass panel door edged with a rope of evergreen and backed with heavy white textured cloth. Large black letters placed up and down spelled out the word: N O E L.

A touching example of what may be accomplished by people of limited means and strength was demonstrated by the decoration on the blank, bleak end wall of a Home for Aged Women. Against that bare expanse, balsam fir branches had been woven to form a flat triangular "tree" growing out of a huge red "flower pot." The decorations on this realistic Christmas tree were tiny clusters of the gorgeous High Bush Cran-

Christmas Doorways

by

Mona Wyse Cole

berry (*viburnum trilobum*). The effect was unique and beautiful even among the costly displays that flanked it.

In a rounded wrought iron enclosure of a terraced home, stood four-foot effigies of three ancient carolers, singing "Holy Night," "God Rest Ye" and "Joy to the World." The echoes of the songs rolled down the near-by ice-bound lake. A hidden amplifier was broadcasting the songs from a phonograph within the house.

A HIGH-POSTED, dignified Corinthian doorway with beautiful old hand-wrought-iron trim, unbent to the extent of displaying a lovely circlet of evergreen sprays topped with a silver trumpet tied with wide red ribbon. At the bottom of the long shallow steps a small blue spruce became a living Christmas tree with its softly glowing colored lights and topped with a golden lighted star. A panel of glass blocks in a neighboring house looked like a giant Christmas card when decorated with a long narrow spray of spruce into which had been tied a bunch of red-throated silver bells. Outlined against the soft yellow glow from within the house, it was one of the loveliest of them all. A fine old country house with nine-foot columns across the front, utilized nothing but evergreen rope wound upward around each one. Initials had been fashioned from the rope and secured to the lamp post that stood in the angle of the stone-paved walk.

It had taken thought and ingenuity to beautify an awkward porch with thick half columns rising from a veranda rail. Each ungainly post was wrapped in evergreen branches and tied with ribbon like a huge bouquet. Heavy green rope edged the upper spaces from which were suspended strings of tinkling bells and pine cones.

Against a background of living trees, a scene of the Nativity had been beautifully arranged. The stable constructed of slim, peeled, upright poles, and lined with hay, held the manger and the hand-carved wooden figures of the New-

born Child and Mother, surrounded by the animals and the Wise Men bearing gifts. Real snow lay deep on the roof under the light of a luminous star suspended on wire from an overhanging branch of a spruce tree. Phosphorous paint had produced its glow in the semi-darkness of the cleverly lighted yard. Lights were concealed among the trees, just sufficient for soft illumination of a most impressive bit of art.

A bit of surprise awaited the caller at the entrance of a staid colonial mansion setting forbiddingly aloof, far to the back of its spacious acres. There on the massive oak door, a pair of red kid boots was hanging from the pol-

ished old brass knocker. Peeking from the white fur top of one was a daintily dressed doll; from the other real candy canes! By way of contrast, a small trim house close to the sidewalk of a busy street seemed to be bursting with fun and laughter as from its front door the large white face of a snowman with black eyes and nose and scarlet mouth grinned happily in his tall black hat and the big red ribbon bow that was his necktie!

Only one home had used the lovely white pine for a spray. Here it was combined with silver: large silvered pine cones on silver ribbons held together with a silver bow. Another "only" was a melon-



This doorway we found wrapped in gleeful red like a great Christmas package.



A gay bonneted miss on this door offers a basket of cones and bright berries

shaped basket filled with bits of pine and painted milkweed pods of red, silver, green and gold. Rosettes and ribbon held the basket ends suspended from the knocker. Silver-flecked snowballs revolving on twin ribbons of green and gold and tied to a branch of glistening blue spruce offered sparkling contrast to the wide brown door from which it hung.

FOR SHEER GENIUS in producing sprightly fun and beauty against seemingly hopeless odds, the choice was unquestionably a large rambling, nondescript house at the edge of a small village. Doors appeared in the most un-

expected places but each was decorated in an outstanding manner. Setting at various angles, leaving each one invisible from the rest, there was no clashing in the assorted designs employed. A bare white stormdoor made a perfect background for a nearly lifesize colonial girl in silhouette. Her dress was of shimmering red plastic, as was her white-edged bonnet; her red ribbon sash fluttered in every ripple of air. From her wooden shoes peeped white woolen socks, while in her hand she held a little basket from which she offered small Christmas nosegays of tiny hemlock cones and red berries.

Another such door had received drastic treatment: it had been painted all over in flaming red. A square of glass set in cornerwise was edged with a narrow band of evergreen rope. Beneath the glass was painted "Hi!" in bold white letters. A large white painted mitten appeared to be lifting the old-fashioned latch. The door was framed in a wide band of evergreen while the white posts of the stoop were wound with red ribbon into which had been tucked sprigs of pine. The effect was gay and young!

On the porch roof above a green-edged, red-booted door was none other than Santa Claus himself, seated in a snow-white pung with his overflowing pack of toys. Into the sleigh was harnessed a real, antlered deer; stuffed of course, but looking quite realistic as Santa smilingly leaned forward, holding the white leather reins high as he drove over a deep mat of evergreen toward a real Christmas tree complete with brightly shining colored lights. With every breeze the sleighbells jingled, ringing out the old, old greeting: MERRY CHRISTMAS!



This simple decoration on a home for the aged is a touching example of what may be accomplished by people of limited means and strength

Are you looking for that "it has to be just right" present? Why not give . . .

BOOKS

for Christmas

By Jessie B. Carlson

WHAT WOULD CHRISTMAS be without books?

One family has an unbroken rule that the children's gifts include at least one good book. Because of this, each child has acquired a variety of good books of his own and the beginning of a personal library. These same children have learned that when in doubt about a gift for their parents, a book may be the solution for Mother or Father. Each will exclaim upon opening his gift, "This is *just* what I wanted!"

Today's market includes such a wealth of titles from which to choose that one needs guidance to select the right book. For children, adults, or for family reading, there are many fields from which to choose. The following annotated list may be suggestive.

FOR CHILDREN

Books to Be Read for Fun

900 Buckets of Paint, by Edna Becker. An old woman, her donkey, cats and cow set out to hunt for a home to suit them all. Thanks to 900 buckets of paint they find just the right place. Droll humor and many colorful pictures will make this book a favorite.

Serena and the Cookie Lady, by Grace Klem. When the money in

the china hen on the mantelpiece ran low, the Cookie Lady became sad, and that worried Serena, her beautiful big cat. So Serena went into action. Exciting things began to happen, soon the china hen was full to overflowing, and once again life was happy for Serena and the Cookie Lady.

The Happy Day, by Ruth Krauss. The animals are asleep and it is snowing. They wake up and they sniff. The squirrels run out of the trees, the ground-hogs run out of the ground, the field mice run, the snails run, and the bears run. They all stop and laugh and dance when they find the marvelous thing—one yellow flower.

Poppet, by Margot Austin. A little boy and his dog and cat hunt for bears with a flashlight and a burlap bag. Children will giggle over the situations. Finally Poppet finds the bear he knew he was looking for right along—his teddy bear.

Babar's Picnic, by Laurent de Barnhoff. This book is translated from the French and is full of absurd situations that little children love.



—Philip Gendreau.

Stories That Give Information

Bits That Grow Big: The Story of Plant Reproduction, by Irma E. Webber. A simple book about how plants reproduce by means of seeds, spores, halves, stems, roots, bulbs, cuttings, and the like. The colored illustrations are plentiful and there are suggested experiments.

It Looks Like This, by Irma E. Webber. A humorous story of four mice each of whom had a different view of the animals he saw, because each one lived in a different part of the barn. Eventually each learned that the other's view was correct and "that one thing can look many different ways, as many different ways as there are to look at it." Good fun to read. Important in helping children respect the observation of others and combine it with his own.

Grandpa's Farm, by Helen and Melvin Martinson. City children visit the farm and see the farm animals, the farm machinery, and learn of the hard work to produce food for men and animals.

Winter Flight, by Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. A story of a young crow who remains in his river valley while the other birds fly south. This story will answer many of the questions children would like to have answered imaginatively and factually about migration.

The Wild Birthday Cake, by Lavina R. Davis. Johnny went adventuring to Penton's Pond on a bright blue and yellow spring day. What he found there for his friend the Professor's birthday, and how he finally took it to the birthday supper makes a delightful picture book story.

Poetry

The Little Hill, by Harry Behn. A book of poems for small children, all about the things that the younger ones understand and enjoy: "The Caterpillar," "Raindrops," "Swing Song." Good for parents to read to children.

Open the Door, by Marion Edey. About sixty poems for children divided into sections such as "Playtime," "Out-of-Doors," "Poems for Bedtime."

The Little Whistler, by Frances Frost. A lovely book of poems for young boys and girls. The poems are about the everyday, familiar things, each touched with fantasy. The colorful illustrations add interest and invite reading.

Bible Stories

Ten Days Till Harvest, by Elsie Ball. The experiences of a Judean farmer's son in the days when the prophets protested against the oppression of the poor. This story centers in the work of the prophet Micah. Junior readers will find this an exciting, convincing story, because it is written by a writer who is a good biblical scholar and one who knows how to tell a story which will appeal to the reader's own sense of justice.

My Book About Jesus, by Esther Freivogel. A beautifully illustrated book of simply told stories about Jesus for the young child.

A Promise to Keep, by James D. Smart. Written in everyday English, this book condenses into a con-

secutive narrative the Bible stories from the time of Abraham to the early church.

Children's Prayers for Every Day, by Jessie Eleanor Moore. These prayers, for children's own use, are grouped in eight classifications, such as morning prayers, table prayers, evening prayers, prayers for the Sabbath, prayers for special days, prayers about the home, outdoors, and the world.

Why Should I? by Ellen Wales Walpole. A most unusual book written by a consultant to the Child Study Department of Stephens College. It is an attempt to answer the question, "Why should I be good?" in terms of the nature of God. It seeks to answer such questions as "How did God make the world?" "Does God hurt people?" In many ways it is a most satisfying book. It does, however, leave out the nature of God as revealed in Jesus and for that reason seems inadequate to a Christian. It is worth reading.

Special Books

The Important Book, by Margaret Wise Brown. Small children will enjoy "telling" over and over to mother or daddy what is important about the snow, the wind, the grass, the rain and many other things familiar in the child's world. Large, double

Some books leave us free and some books
make us free.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

spread pictures perfectly illustrate the text. There is a very satisfying close to the book, when the author explains that the child will grow into a man or woman, but that "the important thing is that you are you!"

The Blue Cat of Castletown, by Catherine Cate Coblentz. The story of a little Vermont town at the time of the Revolutionary War. The beautiful pulpit was really built by a carpenter of the town and is still there. And the carpet a young girl designed and made hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On that carpet is a most fascinating blue cat. Thereby hangs the tale of the blue cat who learns the Song of the River and must find someone to whom he can teach the song if he is ever to find a hearth for himself. "Trusting children and other rare people will accept this beautiful story on faith. For the skeptical there is the town, the pulpit, and the carpet." The song still has power for those who will "listen with the heart as well as with the ear."

FOR PARENTS

Child Training

New Ways in Discipline, by Dorothy Walter Baruch. Parents will find this an easy-to-read, practical and helpful book. The line drawings add humor and interest while illustrating the author's point of view. There are frequent summaries of pertinent

points. The make-up of the book aids in emphasizing them by use of indentation and capital letters. Mrs. Baruch speaks with authority in giving a new approach to the problem of discipline.

Children Know Their Friends, by Ruth Wendell Washburn. This warm-hearted, human book gives concrete help to every adult concerned with the problems of the growing child. Children *do* know their friends. Friendship with adults who love them helps a child to grow and mature mentally and emotionally. This book gives suggestions for working and living with children; contains stories that reflect the child's own attitude toward his experiences, his awareness of the world and his relationship to it. It is both concrete and practical.

A Book for Fun

Morning Faces, by John Mason Brown. While Mr. Brown writes of his own children, he does so with deep understanding, detachment and affection. Other parents will find it full of humor and flavor.

Religious Books

You Can Read the Bible, by Charles D. Spotts. Christians are frequently heard to say, "I can't read the Bible." This book tells how Bible reading may be a joyful adventure. He suggests different ways to read. The last chapter may be used as the basis for personal devotions.

The Way to Power and Poise, by E. Stanley Jones. Like some of his former books, this is a book of meditations which may be used for daily reading, or for reading as a continuous whole. Dr. Jones gives step-by-step guidance for power and poise. Clearly and forcefully written, the meditations are illustrated by real problems of real people who found their answer in God.

Enriching Worship, by A. J. William Myers. A large collection of prose selections, poems, aphorisms, prayers, and psalms which may be used in many ways. They are not classified by themes or experiences, but will be appreciated and used by adults and younger persons as an aid to worship.

A Book for Inspiration

Heaven in My Hand, by Alice Lee Humphreys. Written by a public school teacher, this book gives brief sketches of some of the children whom she has taught. Following the style and cadence of Ecclesiastes, the author points up the perceptions, the unself-conscious charm and the dignity of children. She also makes clear the insights, joy, and privilege that comes from living with them.

FOR FAMILY READING

Information

How to Know the Birds, by Roger Tory Peterson. More than two hundred common birds are pictured and described. This is a book for one who has never had a bird guide and who needs a background of advice on bird watching and identification. For example, if you want to learn how to identify the birds you see from your car window on the tele-

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful
"urs."

Oliver Wendell Holmes

phone wires along the highway, this book will show you how to identify them by shape. You will learn to know birds by the way they fly and act as well as by their field marks and voices.

The Story of Our Calendar, by Ruth Brindze. The vast myseries of Time, as defined by our calendar, are unrolled in a panorama made thrilling by the scope and graphic beauty of this book. It reaches back through history to Babylonia, and outward through space to the sun, moon, and stars. Yet all this magnitude is confined to a simple, though eloquent, text, interpreted by pictures which stirringly combine science and romance.

Books to Read for Fun

The Lonesome Bear, by Harrison Kinney. The Lonesome Bear liked marshmallows, Stephen and a ride in the back seat of an automobile. It took a long time, however, for Easton, Me., to accept Stephen's strange pet. This story makes chuckly reading and the pictures are wonderful.

The Stubborn Donkey, by Christiane Grautoff. There was once a gentle, extremely good-hearted donkey who lived in a shabby stable. The treatment he received from his master and his experiences with other donkeys turned him into a stubborn donkey. How his master learned that a little kindness can work wonders and even cure stubbornness is a story that will delight the entire family.

A Book for Inspiration

The Best Christmas, by Lee Kingman. This is a warm, moving family story of Erkki and "the best Christmas I've ever had." Erkki discovered during a time of family stress that doing things for and giving gifts to others rather than receiving, was what made Christmas good. In the end there were presents, surprises, and Big Brother Matti home from the sea to make Christmas perfect.

Poetry

An Inheritance of Poetry, by Gladys L. Adshead and Annis Duff. This is an outstanding anthology of poetry. It contains some of the old as well as modern works. There are nonsense rhymes, old songs, and psalms. Families will find it a joy to read aloud from this collection.

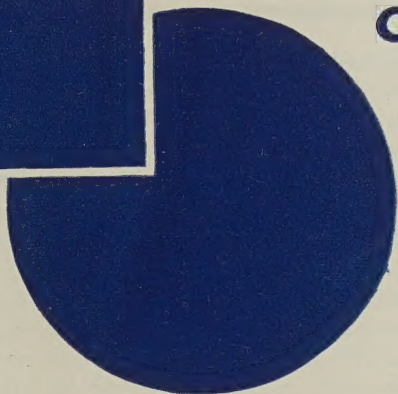
Prayers

Father, We Thank Thee, by William A. Clough. This is a devotional book containing 200 graces and 100 prayers for the family. Each is so clearly and simply phrased that children as well as adults can have a part in the family's devotions at mealtimes and in the prayer circle.



SQUARES

or



ROUNDS

1 Square Peg + 1 Round Hole — FRICTION

QUARREL? You bet we do! I guess you don't know us! My brother and father and I are always arguing about something—radio programs, for instance." Dickie chuckled at the remark as if it were a thing to regard with pride.

Unfortunately Dickie is typical of most youth who regard family frictions as something as necessary to family living as food. All too readily young people relate case after case of grievances against members of the family. Their parents also willingly admit that home is not the sweet place that the song-writer describes. What is the reason for this? Must frictions always exist, so long as there are families?

"Jealous brother murders brother." Does this headline describe a recent New England murder, or Cain and Abel of the Bible? "Mother and son double-cross husband." Is this a current happening in Chicago, or is it Rebekah and Jacob deceiving Isaac? "Bragging son provokes brothers to revenge." Is this a caption from today's paper, or a description of Joseph and his brothers in Genesis? Family friction is as old as the family itself. Bible characters were no more immune to it than people of today.

Everyone is familiar with the expression "A square peg in a round hole." Most homes have a problem described by these words. The members are not all alike—in characteristics or in interests. Yet as a family unit they should blend together in harmony. Which member does not fit into the accepted pattern? Who is the "square" in most homes? Are there certain situations where otherwise well-adjusted members appear as "square"? Can parents and children agree? A few typical family situations follow. Consider them. Which member

needs to have sharp edges trimmed to fit a "round hole"?

a) Patricia is charming when visitors are around. But she lapses into moods of sullen silence if she is crossed by parents. Last Sunday as she started to church, her mother suggested that she wear a hat instead of a kerchief. She replied angrily, then refused to speak to the family for the rest of the day.

b) Clifton has a habit of tardiness which began in childhood. Each morning his mother had a battle to get him up and off to school. He was late to church and to every social gathering. When on his own at college he was late to classes. Now, as a husband, he is causing his wife chagrin and exasperation because they are never where they are supposed to be at the right time.

c) Ray is expected to spend his after-school hours working for his father at the florist shop. Ray says, "Pop criticizes everything I do. I wish I dared work for someone else."

d) Roger and his pal go on long trips after school. Roger brags about their adventures, mentioning the late hours they return. To the question, "Do your folks know your whereabouts?" he replies, "Naw, I just tell Mom we are going for a ride." He laughs when he mentions his mother's worry over these jaunts.

e) Mrs. Grant is so sweet in public that she is beloved by all. At home it is a different story. Her disagreeable disposition keeps the family in constant terror lest they commit some misdeed which will cause an eruption. They all think in terms of "what will Mother say?"

f) Rachel's father rules his family with an iron rod. He makes the decisions about his children's school and social life. Rachel, the oldest, graduated from college and became a teacher in a distant city. She was engaged to a fine young man from the home town. Yet on weekends at home, her father permitted her to see Albert only on Friday evenings till eleven and Sunday afternoon... even during the Christmas holidays. Rachel's choice was to lie to

By Dorothy G. Swain

her father, as did a younger sister, or to obey meekly but with resentment.

g) Deborah and Deanna are supposed to take turns with the supper dishes. A special school play came on Deborah's night and she wished to be excused. Deanna said, "They are not my responsibility—it is your night for them."

h) Betty could never be told anything—she felt she knew the only way to do things. She was the despair of her parents. She left home to train as a nurse, but it was not long before she was back again, resentful at what she considered the injustice of her superiors.

i) Jim visits his grandmother frequently. An argument always begins before they are together long. Neither will give an inch though the subject of the dispute is of no consequence whatsoever. Hard feelings always result.

After reading the foregoing cases, it is obvious that there are members of families who are "squares." They cause friction—and the inevitable sparks result. These persons have not considered how they might adjust to the circumstances. They have not thought in terms of others in the family.

A "square" within the family circle may be defined as a person who fails to do his part in producing harmony and happiness. He goes his

own way regardless of the feelings or needs of the family as a whole. Like a small child forcing the wrong piece into a jigsaw puzzle, so this member of the family forces habits, moods, and selfish ways upon the others, upsetting the picture. By this definition of "squares" most persons, if seen as others see them, have need of adjustment at some point.

RECALLING THE STORY of Isaac and Rebekah, it is easy for us today to see reasons for their family difficulties and ways whereby these could have been averted. Did the father and mother irritate the sons by showing favoritism? Why had Jacob become so jealous of Esau that he was quick to lead his brother into an unfair bargain? Had Esau paraded his advantage? If so, perhaps Esau was at fault. Or perhaps Jacob was wrong for allowing jealousy to motivate his life. Probably every member of the family was wrong at some point. If all had tried harder to see the others' points of view, had been willing to compromise their own wishes for the good of the whole, what a different family story would have gone down in history. Each was a "square" in at least one respect.

(Continued on page 39.)



—Merrim.

—Monkmeyer.

Happy, wholesome young people have learned to live with others in harmony.



FRANZ MARC
(German 1880-1916)

—Courtesy of the New York Graphic Society.

Red Horses

AS A WISE PARENT, you are eager to lead your child into real appreciation of the best—the best in literature, the best in music, the best in art. And what a wealth of material lies ready for you to use. Books, records and pictures are waiting to be tools in your hands, with which to build genuine taste. It is only a matter of selection. To what literature, what music, what art do you wish to introduce your child?

A little child's first interest in pictures is in the story that they tell. That is the first step in appreciation of art. And, although later you will wish to help him appreciate the values of line, form, color, composition and expression, the story is a point at which you may begin. A child is instinctively drawn to pictures which correspond to his own experiences. The small child likes pictures of mothers with their children or of children and their pets. An older boy likes pictures of action. The pictures that you hang in your child's room should be ones that appeal to him and should be replaced with others as he grows older and his taste develops.

You can learn very easily what pictures attract your child by taking him to a museum or gallery, exposing him to the pictures, and noticing which ones appeal to him most. If you live in a city or town where facilities are available, you should

helping
your child
appreciate
ART

make regular visits to the gallery a part of your child's education. In this way you condition him to beauty. But take him home before he becomes tired and bored. And do not take him too often. Let the museum visit be an eagerly anticipated event. You will find that your own interest in and enjoyment of fine art will be contagious. So do not hesitate to communicate your enthusiasm.

A book that will help you in developing your own taste, that will cultivate your own appreciation and discrimination, is Helen Gardner's *Art Through the Ages*, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Request your librarian to suggest other helpful books. It will probably develop that in preparing yourself to mold the taste of your child, you will discover a lively and absorbing interest of your own.

There are ways in which you can promote your child's growing interest in art and his development of taste. You may help him make a scrapbook of reproductions of paintings that appeal to him. You can explain to him that only the best is to go into the book. When you visit an art store to select a large colored reproduction* to hang in his room, take him with you and let him choose one of several fine pictures. Then he will feel that the choice is really his, and the picture will be a source of continued pride and enjoyment.

As he grows older, you may point out to him how artists create beauty in ways quite apart from the story the picture tells, or the simple photographic reproduction of a scene. You can teach him to look for beauty of line and color, for satisfying composition, or arrangement, and for the creation of an illusion of forms in space. You can help him to judge whether the painter has achieved that which he set out to do. You can aid him in seeing through the artist's eyes. You can lead him to see beyond the obvious facts of the scene represented, or the story told.

What small child would fail to respond to the fascinating portrait of the little Don Manuel by Goya? The tiny Spanish boy, with his intensely black hair and eyes, his delicate lace collar, and his satin sash and shoes, is shown taking a pet bird on a string for a walk. From the wire cage on the floor beside him, another bird peers out, and, in the background, three large

By Helen Kingsbury Wallace

cats look on, their eyes riveted on the bird on the string.

Or, what little girl would not be drawn to the exquisite Charpentier children and their great dog? In the original, the mother of the two little girls, Madame Charpentier, is represented with them. The illustration, however, shows only the two very French children, with their silken hair and ruffled dresses. The picture hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and is executed in the "loose" brush stroke which Renoir learned in his youth, when he was a decorator in a porcelain factory.

Another engaging picture is Reynold's "Miss Bowles," sometimes known as, "Love Me, Love My Dog." Reynolds often painted children—some innocent, some roguish in expression. Miss Bowles appears to be a mischievous little girl, from the



—Courtesy of the New York Graphic Society.

Charpentier Children

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
(French 1841-1919)

*Large color prints are published by the New York Graphic Society.

twinkle in her eyes, but her little dog lies, completely relaxed, in her arms, the two, together, forming a triangular composition.

Another triangular arrangement is the lovely portrait of Madame Vigée-Lebrun and her daughter, a self-portrait of the artist. The charming faces of mother and child, the affectionate pose and the simplicity of the whole make it an appealing picture, though perhaps a somewhat sentimental one.

Another, and very "human" mother and child are the familiar circular composition, Raphael's famous "Madonna della Sedia," or "Madonna of the Chair." The original is said to have been painted on the head of a barrel. The figures are skillfully curved to conform to the circular shape of the wood. The Madonna is a comely young woman who holds the robust young Jesus on her lap. From his position at the right of the picture, an adoring young John the Baptist looks at the Child.

Another Madonna, a still greater one, also painted by Raphael, is the Sistine. In this picture, Mary is the stately Queen of Heaven, standing upon the clouds. On either side are worshipping saints, and a pair of cherubs look up from below. The composition is pyramidal. The Madonna and saints form a large triangle; each of the attendant figures is triangular in shape, and the upper half of the

Madonna's figure forms still another, and smaller, triangle. The magnificent posture of Mary, the straightforward dignity of her expression, as she stands, wrapped in her loose mantle, holding her Son in her arms, make her an arresting and majestic figure.

Two pictures suitable for a boy's room are "The Gulf Stream" by Winslow Homer which shows a boat, rocking in the waves. On its deck a Negro boy is lying, apparently not greatly disturbed by the shark in the water in the foreground. Franz Marc's "Red Horses," illustrated in this article, is full of spirited movement and lively curves.

These are just a few of the pictures which are available to delight your children and help them appreciate the best in art. Other suitable choices are: "The Sackville Children" by John Hoppner, "After the Bath" by Mary Cassatt, "A Dutch Interior with Woman Peeling Apples" by Pieter de Hooch, "The Age of Innocence" by Reynolds, "Saint Francis Preaching to the Birds" attributed to Giotto, "A Young Warrior" by Rembrandt, "The Music Lesson" by Vermeer, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" by Sargent, "The Concert" by Terborch and "King Lear" by Abbey. This list includes subjects of interest to both younger and older children. There are many other pictures not listed which are awaiting your use in helping your child to appreciate art.



—Courtesy of the New York Graphic Society.

Don Manuel

FRANCISCO GOYA
(Spanish 1746-1828)

*Large size, full color, fine art reproductions
of the paintings which appear in this
article may be obtained from the New York
Graphic Society, 10 West 33rd Street,
New York 1, New York*

"Red Horses" 20½ × 31	\$18.00
"Charpentier Children" 18 × 22	\$ 7.50
"Don Manuel" 15 × 19½	\$ 7.50

The Innkeeper's Wife

by

Eleanor Hammond



—Merson.

It was at this moment that Leah, whose tongue was a scourge, put her head out.

NO WOMAN in all Bethlehem had a sharper tongue than Leah, the innkeeper's wife.

"I could use her tongue to split wood for a fire," Simon, the innkeeper, told his cronies, over a goatskin

of wine. "I could cut up faggots with that tongue."

Simon was a jovial man, easy-going and a good companion. When travelers arrived at the inn they felt welcome—especially those travelers who had plenty of silver coins to pay for their lodg-

ing and for the fodder and shelter of the beasts they rode. Their host saw to it that they had everything they wanted and that their mounts were well cared for by the stable boy. He wished them speed upon their journey and invited them to come back when they passed through Bethlehem again. Simon was a good host and well liked.

"But who is it that scrubs and cooks and sees that there are no cobwebs on the rafters?" Leah, his wife, inquired sharply. "Who is it sees that the serving maid fetches enough water from the well in the square so your precious guests may refresh themselves at any hour of the day or night? Who is it keeps that lazy stable boy from sleeping all day in the hay in the stable, instead of cleaning it as he is paid to do? Who mends the rents in your garments and wears out her eyes darning and weaving so you may appear so handsomely clothed and so prosperous as you go about town?"

To which queries Simon knew the answers, but did not give his wife the satisfaction of pronouncing them.

If at the present time there was more reason than usual for Simon's joviality and also for his wife's sharpness of temper, the reason could easily be seen. Bethlehem was crowded with travelers. The inn was filled to bursting. Now, during the taxing, since it had been decreed by Caesar Augustus himself, and the order passed on by King Herod's messengers, each man of the house and lineage of David was forced

to return to the locality to be counted and taxed.

With the town so crowded Simon was able to charge double the usual lodging fee for half the space and far less than half the usual services furnished to guests.

His wife's duties, always heavy enough, were tripled. "You will spend the talents you are so pleased about making in paying wages to half a dozen servants to do the work I must manage with only a little maid to help me," Leah told her husband bitterly. "For by the time the taxing is over I shall be in my grave from overwork."

"A man can not stay in the house with such a tongue," Simon mourned to his sympathetic friends. "My poor ears are cut to strings like shoe-latches by her tongue."

From the doorway of the inn Simon saw the traveler and his young wife coming along the dusty street. The man was not well clad, and seemed of no higher station than a brickmaker or carpenter. They had but one beast, a small donkey, overburdened by the drooping girl and bundle of clothing she held before her.

"No room at the inn! Not so much as a place on the floor for spreading your bed," Simon told the man, without too much courtesy or too much regret. Certainly a brickmaker or carpenter would have no gold coins to pay for the trouble of ousting one of the poorer guests already occupying a sleeping place.

"My wife is very tired. We have made a long journey, which at present she is in poor condition for making," the middle-aged man said. He glanced anxiously at the girl on the donkey. "I can pay the usual rate for a lodging—at least there must be some place you can let my wife sleep. I do not mind the bare ground for myself. But she—"

Simon waved his fat hand impatiently. "No room! I have turned away a dozen richer travelers than you since morning."

It was at this moment that Leah, whose tongue was a scourge, put her head out the door. She put down the vessel of dirty water she had been about to empty upon the ground outside, and looked sharply at the travelers.

Her glance took in the young wife's pale tired face, the husband's worried frown. It passed over their plain homemade garments and the single small beast of burden.

"We will put them up in the stable," she told her husband sharply.

"But, my dear!" Even before such unimportant travelers Simon maintained a show of courtesy toward his spouse. "My dear Leah—the stable also is crowded. There is not room for even another small donkey there."

"We will move a few donkeys and horses to the yard," Leah told him in an uncompromising voice. "It is better donkeys should be rained on—if it should chance to rain—than that a girl about to have a baby should be soaked to the skin."

The young wife raised her head for the first time. "You are kind!" she told Leah with a wan smile.

**Whatever makes men good
Christians, makes them
good citizens.**

Daniel Webster

"The payment will be the same as for a sleeping place in the inn itself," Simon told the husband hastily. "Really I should charge more—for the trouble of moving the beasts out of the place."

LEAH SNIFFED contemptuously. "It is the stable boy and I who will do the moving of the cattle," she threw over her shoulder at her husband.

Then she was gone, toward the stable behind the inn.

Nearly all the travelers stopping at the inn were asleep by the time the innkeeper's wife had finished her round of duties and approached the stable for the second time. She carried a bundle awkwardly in her arms—though it was not a large or fragile burden.

Outside the stable door she paused. Then she saw that the young woman on the straw just inside was not asleep. The starlight was unusually brilliant. One huge star seemed very low and close. It illuminated the girl's wide gentle eyes, showed the sprawled figure of her weary husband asleep under his mantle just beyond the straw bed.

"You should be asleep," Leah told the girl sharply. "But nobody knows better than I do that sleep does not come quickly when one is bone-weary."

"I shall sleep very soon," the girl answered, smiling. "You have been so good—made us so comfortable."

"I have brought you something," Leah thrust the bundle into the younger woman's hands. "I hope you're not too proud to accept these swaddling clothes. They are good, nearly new. And with a child one needs many changes of garments."

The girl unfolded the little clothes. "They are beautiful. So beautiful!" She looked again at the finely woven flax and lamb's wool, the delicate stitches. "They are far finer than anything I brought in our bundle—in case my child is born before this long journey is accomplished. They are like clothing for a little prince. So much finer—we are poor people. My husband is only a carpenter."

"I am glad the clothes please you." The innkeeper's wife knelt beside the young mother on the straw, smoothed the soft cloth tenderly with her bony hand. "My little Reuben did not live to outgrow them—and I have never had another to wear them. They have lain in a chest for twenty years. May your son live to bring you joy and peace!"

Your Family

and

Its Community

by Robert T. Beck

MR. AND MRS. EARNEST look back to their childhood with much pleasure. Many were the parties, trips and social gatherings they enjoyed with their families. They would like to leave a similar heritage of pleasant memories to their children, John and Mary. But their teen-agers, when such activity is planned, are busy and rarely have time or inclination for family activities and an apartment affords little opportunity for the family to entertain John's and Mary's friends.

The family has been called the keystone of society, the foundation of morality, the conserver of spiritual values. Is it true that the family is breaking up? At least it is true that the family is changing. The four-room city apartment is taking the place of the old homestead. The church faces families with divided church loyalties. The large public schools deal less and less with the family and more and more with individuals. Even recreation increasingly divides the family not only on age levels but on levels of interest.

Instead of the danger of the family becoming self-centered, there is the danger that the family will not have any center. The small interests of the family are lost in the schoolroom as youths face world problems. The imagination of these teen-agers is concerned, not so much with the se-

curity of the home as with the fact that society now has the formula for destroying itself and that no young man facing the possibility of going into the armed forces can plan with certainty a peacetime career. All this confusion has thrown the home off center.

Even though the family is under attack, and maybe rightly so, yet we should observe and know that the family of today can contribute to society and the democratic way of life. If today's family is tomorrow's world, its activities become very important.

We are supposed to live in a family-centered society. Can we justify such a society where all the activities are judged in terms of effectiveness on the way which they complement family life? Parents can profitably ask themselves if they employ the democratic process only on certain points. Do you recall that your parents were arbitrary and dictatorial? Is that the reason that today we have a limited application of the democratic process in our society? The ideas imparted to children by example are far more lasting than those that come through precept or lecture.

If attitudes and behavior, conditioned by family, affect democracy and our manner of expressing the Christian way of life, there are sufficient dynamics in family living to give the vital concepts that are needed for effective

citizenship in a democracy. These essential characteristics of effective Christian living can be consistently built up through family experience.

Let us look for a moment at some of the factors that heretofore have made family life essential. (1) The family was concerned about the health of its members. (2) In its environs the members were directed and educated in the means of livelihood. (3) The necessity of thrift and the principles of spiritual living and recreation were learned largely within the circle of family living. These factors are still here, but their expressions are largely outside the family circle. Hospitals, schools, factories, and recreational centers have broken the former pattern of home life.

John can find a job easily. Marcy can clerk in the store. It is not uncommon to find high school youth, as they go to school, enjoying a payroll income which enables them to be almost financially independent of their parents. Living on a modern plane has tended to make family life seem unimportant and to move the members of the family farther apart in their social, educational, and religious interest.

However gloomy and insecure this picture may be, it is only a partial view; a new day is here. Once the individual sought for his honors by competition, and rivalry was the spirit of the time. Whether it be in industry, office, store, or volunteer work, planned and co-operative operation is the prevailing idea today. We are learning

that we must work together. Working together brings emotional stability as well as desirable economic progress. Nuclear fission was an achievement that came not through competition but through sharing and cooperation. Social planning councils are finding that best community living comes through cooperative enterprises. As a matter of fact, the United Nations is a test of the ability of peoples to cooperate. The really great question is whether the world will agree and work together on conditions that will insure peace.

Rivalry and cruel competition laid the ax at the root of democratic society and well nigh gave it the death blow.

Today has seen the growth of tremendous interest in family life. Children are wanted in the homes today. Families are ready to learn how to live and work together. Today the family question presses the school, the church and the state. Their program of clubs and projects must make it possible for values inherent in family life to be realized.

WHAT ARE SOME of the areas in which the family may engage in community activities? True, the family will discover as it participates in outside activities that folkways and customs change slowly but the very discussion of this fact will tend to attach importance to their activity. For instance, if a family becomes interested in international relations and is properly guided there will be inquiry into the cultural achievement of the races. Also, out of such a desire and inquiry have grown institutes to display these achievements. The ramifications are far-reaching, acquainting the group with the food, philosophical thought and art, of say, the Chinese, the Mexican or African peoples.

If a family becomes interested in the health conditions of their community they should enlist the help of other families. The Health Departments will give statistics—there is much literature. As they go into the subject, they will dis-

cover that the Negroes and the Indians have an excessively high tuberculosis mortality. They may learn the effect of the adequacy or inadequacy of their diets. The diets of various races and peoples have been limited because of the poverty and lack of resources. For instance, India must import the salt her people uses.

Should a child or an adult be underprivileged because he was born in the wrong section, class or race? This is fundamentally a family problem and its solution is more than inviting a Negro or a Chinese into the home once a year. It requires an understanding of personalities and an appreciation of peoples of differing skins and cultures.

In a particular family a teenager complained about the food they had, saying that the family was in a rut. In a family council it was decided the young people should buy the food out of the family budget. After this went on for a week there was a new attitude in the home. Later the same family became interested in the food in the homes of other people.

Such inquiries can lead to a real interest in Red Cross or Community Chest or the missionary program of the church.

The expression of a desire to be a part of the community life as a start need not be too ambitious. Here is an old couple whose children are now gone but who appreciate nothing better than an opportunity of fellowship with a family who have young people. Bring this up before the whole

family. Why not take this on as a family responsibility? Or here is the matter of strangers in the church—they may be from distant places or foreign lands. You can face this as a family responsibility. Let the strangers discover that Christian Americans are not as Hollywood has pictured.

Have you discussed church music in your home? Cooperating in a church service is a community enterprise. Why not discuss the great hymns in your family group, learn to sing them together and carry through in the church service on Sunday morning?

"The Adolescent Problem" blazed on a billboard advertising a movie. "That's me!" came a voice from the crowd looking at the headline.

The adolescent problem is a community problem. It is also a family problem. Why not study the problem and face it as a family? There could come a feeling of family solidarity with a place for everyone. Tone up your family with appreciation, concern and love.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest may well be concerned about their young people, their pre-teen-agers, and their old people just as well. If their family is self-centered and quarrelsome with its eyes on the past, their Christianity will stutter as it uses the terms father, brother, neighbor, love, forgiveness. Problems can be solved together, when families face today's world, and when they work together with the hope of tomorrow's community in their hearts.

Night and Day

God lifts his black umbrella,
Adorned with silver stars,
To quiet down the cosmos
Before he lifts the bars,

To let the sun creep under
And rise again each day;
And so the world keeps rolling
From dark to light this way.

—HELEN STILES SAUVAN.



The first eight of Mr. Seab's thirteen children, their father and mother.

This Is the Way

Mr. Seab

Did It

By Rebecca Phillips

ANYONE who has wrestled with the problems which seem to lie just around the corner, at every turn, in rearing children, would have learned many of the answers from Mr. Seab.

Mr. Seab, rightfully Mr. Seaborn Robinson, was simply Mr. Seab to all the men who worked for him in his logging camps, his pastures and barns, or his saw-mills, and all came to him with their problems.

Mr. Seab and his wife, Ammie Calloway, grew up as close neighbors in Chilton County, Alabama.

They attended the same rural school, went to the same Sunday School at Old Salem church and got married before either was twenty-one. Ammie was several years younger than Mr. Seab, shy and gentle; Mr. Seab was a big man, with powerful hands, weighing over two hundred pounds.

His father had given him forty acres to start with, but Mr. Seab not only knew the feel of plow handles between his hands, he knew timber, and he was a shrewd trader.

Every year or two there was a

A delightful account of "the good old days"

new baby at Mr. Seab's house and every year there was a new tract of land he had acquired.

When the government built Mitchel Dam and bought much of the land in this neck of the woods Old Salem church and Mr. Seab's home were among those inundated. He moved his family to Cooper Station, six miles away, and bought about six hundred acres, on which there were already eight tenant houses.

His own family was continuing to grow year by year, so he built a big house for them; not ornate but a sturdy, comfortable country home.

"How many boys do you have, Mr. Seab?" he was frequently asked by visiting lumbermen. His invariable reply was "All of 'em boys but eleven." There were thirteen children, eleven girls and two boys.

"There were eight girls first," an older daughter relates, "then two boys, then three more little girls. Of course these three were babies when the rest of us were great big girls, so they slept near Mother and Daddy, but upstairs there was a big room called the girls' room. It was twenty feet square. There were four double beds in there, the usual dressers and chairs and a long table in the center, around which we studied.

"Daddy came up every night, looked over our school work, checked our arithmetic papers and sometimes heard a spelling lesson. But that was not all. Before he left, Bibles were opened and we read and discussed the chapters centering around the Sunday school lesson for the following week.

"On Sunday mornings right after breakfast, dishes were washed, then we got our Bibles and quarterlies out once more and this time we really studied together the Sunday school lesson.

"As a family unit, we walked down the road to the little white-spired Chestnut Creek Church, that is, all who were old enough to walk. There was always one toddler who had to be helped over the rough places and carried when his chubby legs got too tired, and sometimes Mother was at home with a new baby."

Mr. Seab's family overflowed into two pews. He was a deacon and chairman of the Board, a teacher and the Sunday school superintendent. For a period of 19 years he never missed a service at his church. His real love was the Sunday school. He wanted to see the children of that community trained for Christian citizenship. "Our children are our best crops," he liked to say.

No doubt many a father of a young, growing family in Alabama is today trying to teach his children some of the truths taught him when a youngster by Mr. Seab, who continued to teach a Bible class until well up in the seventies.

When the good people of Chestnut Creek church felt it was high time to organize a Women's Missionary Society, they found painfully few women who had had any training whatever in parliamentary procedure. Since most of them were too timid even to take part on the programs Mr. Seab became an honorary member of the Missionary Society. When hard pressed the president would call on him to take part. He attended all the Missionary Society meetings. His strong bass voice, booming out with the women's voices as they sang "How Firm a Foundation" or "On Jordan's



The little church by the creek.

Stormy Banks I Stand" seemed comforting and reassuring to those present.

"Daddy believed that children should learn to do by doing," one of his daughters remembers. "All of us were taught to do every conceivable household chore. We took turn about with the cooking and most of the housework. Mother was usually busy with the newest baby, so two of us cooked breakfast one week, two the next. Mother bossed the job of prepar-

ing the other two meals, but we girls did most of the work. I am glad now we were required to do all this, for every one of my sisters is an outstanding housekeeper.

WE HAD a big brass bell, which Daddy could hear at the barn, and it was rung for dinner and supper. There was not only the family to be fed, but there were all the men who worked on the farm, the helpers at the sawmill and the grist mill, and in autumn the extra hands at the cotton gin, sometimes as many as twenty-five in all.

"We fed them at one end of the kitchen, a few at a time, on cold winter mornings," this older sister recalls, "but in summer they ate at a long table in the yard.

"There was always grace before meals at our house. Daddy usually used the same form, except on very special occasions. His blessing before meals was, 'Heavenly Father, make us thankful for this food and all other blessings in life. Guide us and direct us and bless this home.'

"This same blessing is used at dinner tables in a number of homes today by those who heard it as children, seated at that family dining table, in the old farm home.

"No matter how many children romped and scuffled and laughed around Daddy he never seemed to mind the least bit. He would sit in front of the fire, perhaps with a book or paper in his hands, while half a dozen children rolled just behind his chair and sometimes would drop off to sleep in the midst of this clatter.

"He seldom scolded but when he spoke we knew he meant every word to be obeyed and we obeyed. I have seen him turn around and merely lift his eyebrows when the wrangling got too vehement. Instantly voices were lowered, the bickering died and peace was restored.

"The singing school, held for six weeks in summer, was the event to which we looked forward from the first day of January. It was a time when we laid aside our

arithmetics and studied harmony, musical notes, and the sheer beauty of blended voices. The singing school was usually held in the Chestnut Creek church, taught by some local man.

"We began at nine, had an hour for lunch, then continued to study musical notes and sing until three. At the end of the term there was a concert. Uncles and aunts and mothers and fathers came by the dozen, bringing huge baskets of lunch; and this was a gala occasion.

"When the four older girls were old enough to have dates, their dates would have had to whisper in their ears very softly indeed if a roomful was not to hear their sweet nothings, for the four of us entertained our dates at the same time in the big, old-fashioned living room, full of chairs and sofas. Some of us had been singing in the choir, some played. There was always a musician or two among our callers, so we gathered around the parlor organ for songs, we popped corn, we shelled peanuts and played games, but always games in which eight or more could participate.

"Life did not flow along without a small hurricane now and then. There was the time Jessie, our oldest sister, eloped. Jessie was fifteen when she fell in love with a man considerably older than she was. Daddy thought her too young and the man too much older. He forbade Jessie to have him as one of the four dates who sat in the parlor with the rest of us. But he met her and walked home from school with her every afternoon, leaving before they got in sight of the house.

"One morning at daylight Mother got up for a drink of water, looked to see if her girls were covered warmly, and found Jessie gone. At breakfast a boy who worked on the place came galloping over to tell us he had driven the eloping couple to the train, and by now they were married.

"The young couple stayed away for a week.

"Never will I forget the picture these two made as they drove up to the house in a red-wheeled

The Song

I sang one day a song of hope
To one who walked with grief a space,
And when my song was done there was
A smile of gladness on her face.

Then came the time my skies were dark,
No stars appeared where stars should be,
But at the midnight came my song
And lighted candles there for me!

INEZ CLARK THORSON

Farm Kitchen

Content the cat lies, in a furry ball,
Having selected for her noonday rest
The chair where the worn cushion is the best,
She lies there purring, tabby-striped and small.

The clock ticks quietly, the embers fall,
With sweet tranquility the room is blest,
Peace hovers warmly round the old cat's nest—
Without her, home would not seem home at all!

ELEANOR HAMMOND

buggy, seeking forgiveness and a welcome.

"I looked out the window and saw the new husband helping Jessie out of the buggy gallantly, Jessie, who had been a schoolgirl in a gingham dress that barely reached her shoetops, was now wearing a very long brown skirt that almost swept the ground, cut in the latest mode, and a new ivory satin blouse. I had never seen her in a long skirt before. It meant the end of our girlhood together and I burst into tears. Mother cried, so did Jessie, and the groom, not be outdone, got out his handkerchief and wiped away the tears which coursed down his cheeks.

DADDY TOOK one look at all these members of a reunited family, cleared his throat, blew his nose gustily and tried to fool everybody into thinking that he, a great strong man, father of the bride, would certainly not shed tears over the runaway marriage.

"In a few minutes he put his arms around Jessie, gave her a big

hug, shook hands with the groom, and once more they were safely back in the family circle. What is more, they received from Mr. Seab forty acres of land and a little new house as a wedding gift."

After his wife, Ammie, died, Mr. Seab married again, this time a widow with five small children. Mr. Seab and his second wife had three children, so Mr. Seab reared in all twenty-one children.

Every one of them who is twenty-one or over is a professed Christian. Five girls are Sunday school teachers. The older brother of the first group is a Sunday school superintendent and all attend church regularly. Four of the older group of girls are school-teachers.

There are many stories written today of big executives and the wonders they accomplish in chrome- and leather-fitted New York offices, but back in some remote section of farming land, in every state, there is always a Mr. Seab, whose influence is felt long after he is gone.

The FAMILY Observes Christmas

By Myrtis H. Caton

CHRISTMAS! The time of the one great Christian Festival draws near. What will you do with it? What does it mean to you and to your family? Is it in all truth a Christian Festival in your home? And as the glorious season draws to its close, will your home have been enriched?

Did you ever ask yourself, "What would my friends and neighbors know of Christmas if they knew nothing about it and depended upon what they observed in my home?" Would they be deeply impressed and would you feel that, as a parent, you had done your duty well if your children knew nothing about Christmas but what they learn this year in your home? Your children could everywhere see decorated stores, the inviting display of gifts, the Santa Claus pictures in magazines and on billboards, piles of evergreen trees for sale, pretty lights and outside decorations. These all are a part of Christmas and we enjoy them but these are not enough.

If the Good News of the cen-

turies is to be passed on to new generations in its regal significance, the Christian home has a magnificent piece of work to do. Many homes are working at this particular job—other homes will accept the challenge this year and still others in the years to come as they are moved to look deeper into the responsibility of the Christian way of life.

The people of the earth had caught much of the Spirit of God through the Hebrew Prophets and were ready for the fuller insight that came through Jesus the Christ. The entire course of history and dealings of men with men have been changed by the revelation of God through His son, Jesus. Yet, this very year there are friends and acquaintances and neighbors and even members of our own family, our own children, that need to relive the thrilling story—we all need to relive it. But what are some of the things we can do to keep the story from being lost in a gift exchange?

1. Study Luke 2:8-20, Matthew 2:1-12.

The significance of the birth itself must creep into our hearts, cleansing them and dedicating them anew to Christian service.

2. We can play and sing the carols that tell the story so well. We can seek out the radio programs that feature the Christmas music. We can decorate our homes with symbols significant of a Christian Festival.

3. We can share with those less fortunate than ourselves. Encourage your children to select a family of the same number of children and remember them with a worthy gift. See the fun they have packing the boxes and watch them grow in "good-will toward men."

4. We can set up Centers of Worship in our home and gather the family to this center for worship during the days leading up to Christmas.

What is a Center of Worship? It is an arrangement designed to fix one's thoughts upon God and all that He has done for us, and through us. It is an altar. To those who come to this altar again and again, it becomes a sanctuary.

Where in the home is this altar set up? This is decided by the family. It should be in a room that is accessible and convenient to all. The worship table is placed before a curtain or scenic picture window, or in a chosen corner where it invites one person or the family as a group to come and worship. The mantel is a center of interest but not a Center of Worship. It lends itself effectively for decoration but because of its height it does not say, "Come and worship here."

Together the family selects and arranges the properties which create for them an atmosphere of dignity and beauty. The family that thoughtfully and prayerfully arranges a center of worship for the home has prepared itself for the experience of worship.

If you have not had the experience of setting up a center of worship or have not seen one, may we offer a few suggestions—

The open Bible is always used, and is an invitation to all to read and interpret God's Word. With the open Bible there may be a



Pictures by Reba Cohea.

lighted candle or two candles if desired. The candle is significant of Jesus the Light of the World. If one of the Christmas pictures is available it always adds beauty and grips our attention. A bit of greenery which is so plentiful at this season may well be used as one would use cut flowers. The poinsettia, known to the Mexicans as the "Flower of the Holy Night," is a comparatively recent Christmas flower in America. But its showy blossoms, rich with the Christmas red, have endeared it to us all, and it has become another universal symbol of the joy and gladness of this season. The poinsettia may well be used to add beauty to the Center of Worship. A cloth of any of the Christmas colors or white may be used or the table may be without a cloth. Use your own resources and let the children make suggestions and use their information of Christmas symbols.

The Crèche or Manger scene is coming more and more to be used in setting up a Center of Wor-

ship. An expensive one is not necessary. Children are familiar, through Public School and Church School, with craft work and many of them are capable of making the manger scene; the manger itself can be created out of a box while the figures can be molded from clay or cut from cardboard.

One family (three children) arranged the manger scene on the living room table spread with a white cloth—and just back of the crèche were three white candles.

On Christmas Eve the family was gathered in the living room. A lighted candle was in the window. The mother, seated at the piano, was playing softly "Silent Night, Holy Night." As she played the last few measures, the Carolers were heard outside—

JOYE. Oh mother, here are the carolers! [*All listen as the Carolers sing*]

ROBERT. Let's get our money to put in their Christmas Box.

DEE ANN. I know I have some to give, I just got my allowance today. [*Children start to leave*]

MOTHER. Bring my pocketbook, too. [*Father reaches into his pocket for his contribution, the*



children return, bringing mother's purse]

ROBERT. Help me open my bank, Joye. [*Joye helps him*]

JOYE. Mother, is it all right if I give one of my silver dollars that grandpa gave me? I've been saving them a long time.

MOTHER. Yes, I think that would be nice. [*The door is opened and "Merry Christmas to all" rings out in clear joyous tones. The gifts are accepted and soon the singers are on their way.*]

MOTHER. We know the Carolers are doing what they like to do—singing—but at the same time they are helping many others with the gifts of money they collect.

FATHER. The crippled children are helped, and some of our own church young people have won Caroler Scholarships to summer camp, and there are many other projects benefited. We will always keep a candle in our window so they will know we want them to stop here. [*The family gathers around the crèche*]

DEE ANN. Will you read the Christmas story, mother? [*Mother reads Luke 2:8-20*]

JOYE. It wouldn't be Christmas Eve without the Christmas story. And children all around the world are reading this story tonight. God sent His son into the world that everyone of all nations might know His love.

ROBERT. Isn't it wonderful that the shepherds knew where to find the Christ Child!

DEE ANN. The angels appeared to them while they were in the field and told them.

FATHER.. God directed the Angels to sing to the shepherds and God also directs our lives, if we will let Him. Christmas is a time of Light. As we read in the story of Jesus, a light shone round about the shepherds before the angels sang. The light of a star guided the Wise Men to Bethlehem and when Jesus walked and talked to people in the Holy Land he called himself the "Light of the World."

MOTHER. At this Christmas season we are thankful to be in our home celebrating the greatest

birthday in all history, through songs and spoken words, through prayer and meditation, through lighting the candles of love, joy and peace. Thus we are making very real to ourselves the meaning of Christmas.

FATHER. Let us make this a holy moment in our Christmas Eve worship by lighting the candles of Christmas. [*He picks up the lighted candle from the window and hands it to Robert*] Robert will light the candle of love.

ROBERT. I light this candle and pray for the love of Jesus to be in our hearts. [*He lights one of the three candles*]

FATHER. Let us all pray together, "May the love of Christ be in our hearts." Joye will light the candle of joy.

JOYE. I light the candle of joy and pray for true happiness for us all.

FATHER. Let us pray together. [*They pray*] "Lord, may we have true happiness and share it with others." Dee Ann will light the candle of peace.

DEE ANN. I light the candle of peace. My prayer is for the peace of Christ to be in our hearts.

FATHER. Let us pray together—"May the peace of Christ be in our hearts this Christmas and always." Let us look at the candles of love, joy and peace and think in silence about the birthday of Jesus. [*A few minutes of silence.*]

Surely this was a rich and satisfying experience for this family. All families can likewise be blessed if they keep in mind the solemn significance of the day—the day which is a memorial to the love of God and His supreme plan for mankind.

Late Snow Flurry

Everything dark and drab takes hold
Of the pure, the white—this day of cold.
The branch of budding tree or bush,
Twig, or fence, all in the hush
Of drifting storm, hold white their own. . .
Garden path and stepping stone
Grasp at the drift of light flakes blowing,
Grasp at the beauty of windy snowing.
Everything dark in the world below
Has an affinity for snow.

—HELEN MARING.

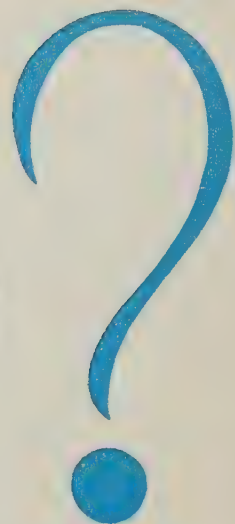
Living Water

The well may be denied its water,
The brook may dry and cease to be,
The river may be drained of tides
That once went singing to the sea.
The searching roots may find no moisture
To aid the lately-fruited bough,
And drouth may choke the fields and take
The recompense of seed and plow.
But God's great love is living water
That flows unceasing from on high,
Across the thirsty hearts of men—
A stream that never shall run dry!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.

Shall I

Tell Them



SHALL I TELL Sally that fifteen dollars is too much to pay for a sweater that will be outmoded next year or shall I let her buy it and go without a warm coat this winter? Shall I tell Bob that the silly Carson girl has a reputation for being a gold digger and he ought to stop seeing her, or should I let him spend the money he needs and wants so much for his workshop? Shall I tell my teen-agers what to do or shall I run the risk of letting them make their own decisions?

No parent of an adolescent has escaped this tormenting situation unless he is a complete bully or his name is Casper Milquetoast. Moreover, it is very important to parents that their young people make wise choices. And it is just as important to youth that they learn to think for themselves. The decisions they make about sweaters and gold diggers will soon give way to more important questions. They will be deciding on a lifetime philosophy, a lifetime work, a lifetime partner. If they haven't learned to make decisions as adolescents, they will find the questions of maturity very baffling. Who of us has not known a co-worker who vacillates between one choice and another, expending his energies on making a decision, until he has no drive left for the important task to be done? Such a person staggers through life, crossing back and forth over the same path, never arriving at the acceptable goal.

We all want our adolescents to develop into strong, mature people with ability to think clearly, come

to a reasonable decision, and stand firm in their convictions. How can we help develop these qualities in our youngsters?

1. It pays to start early.

Martha is a 12-year-old who goes each morning to her mother and asks what she should wear to school. Jane is a 7-year-old who goes each morning to her closet and selects from her school clothes what she will wear, matching sweaters and socks with her choice. One is on the way to dependence and weakness; the other is on the way to independence and strength. A parent can hold two acceptable toys before a child of 18 months and he will choose his toy. When he is 2 or 3 years old, he can choose which dress or suit to wear from the two his mother holds before him. At 6 years, he might learn to spend his small allowance wisely. At 10 he will make decisions about how to spend his leisure time. Children who have had an opportunity to make decisions all their lives will develop a sense of responsibility which they can't learn any other way.

It is wise to let children decide things which are relatively unimportant at first until their judgment develops. Being given some freedom to choose, puts children in a cooperative mood and they are more willing to listen to suggestions on more important issues.

2. It helps to be open-minded.

Sometimes parents take the attitude that children are their special property which they must direct as they see fit. But the Chris-

By Vera Channels

tian point of view holds that children are separate and unique individuals, each with his own spark of the Divine, and that he must be treated with love and understanding. In a Christian family, then, parents need to ask themselves, "Am I sure that I understand my child and this situation thoroughly? Is it essential that I have my own way? Why has my child chosen this way or made this decision?"

An argument over a trivial issue can reach such an emotional height that it spoils the entire day for the people involved or, worse still, their relationship to each other. A thoughtful parent might stop in the middle of the storm and ask, "Is this really important after all?" Parents who are mature in their love for their children are more likely to sit down calmly and discuss the issues involved. An open-minded parent may gain a new respect for his child when he learns what cooperative thinking can do.

Mrs. Bradshaw was proud that her Janet was such a good baby sitter and so much in demand. She always insisted that Janet keep her dates without fail, be on time, and function efficiently. But one week when Janet had agreed to baby sit on Friday night, she suddenly had an invitation to

(Continued on page 44.)

The Christmas Star

Little stars that wander in the great, deep blue,
I have often wondered if you ever knew
How there came one like you, leading wise old men
From the East, thro' Judah, down to Bethlehem!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Angels' Song

The night in solemn stillness hung
O'er pastures fair and green
When from above the angels' song
Fell thro' the still serene;
It came to those whose watchful care
Kept their flocks in safety there.

Great dread and wonder at the sound
Then fill'd each heaving breast,
And prone they lay upon the ground
By trembling fears possessed;
While louder still the anthem rung
By myriad angel voices sung.

But lo! of joy and peace on earth
The angel voices spoke:
And of the Savior's infant birth
The gladsome tidings broke;
And bade the shepherds wend their way
To where the cradled infant lay.

And still the accents sweet and fair
Came thro' the starry night,
Then died away upon the air
With sounds of rare delight;
But lo! a star serenely shone
To guide their eager footsteps on.

—ANONYMOUS.

What Child Is This?

What Child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
This, this is Christ the King,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

—WILLIAM C. DIX

WORSHIP IN THE F



with You

Prayer

Our Father, we thank thee for the blessed love that binds us close together. May it be strong enough and true enough and constant enough to withstand all difficulties and troubles and lead on to happy, helpful days. We thank thee for thy great goodness to us and pray that we may always be good to each other and to all we meet. In Jesus' name. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH.

Worshiping

Christmas is a time for loving and giving. In church school your child has learned the Bible verse

We love, because he first loved us.—1 John 4:19

Your child has been led to think of God's great love for us in sending us the first and best Christmas gift, Jesus. He will also have been led to think of others and to plan gifts and surprises that will make them happy. He has learned another verse in this connection:

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

Your child has been taught that bringing joy to others is the way he can show his love for others. This is also one way of showing what Christmas means.

This teaching of the church school can be carried further at home as the family talks about the meaning of Christmas. The basis for the meaning of Christmas may be found in these verses:

God . . . loved us and sent his Son.—1 John 4:19

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.—John 3:16.

All children need to feel that they have a part in the preparations in the home at Christmas. It does little good to talk to a child about loving and giving and honoring the birth of Jesus in this way if the child feels left out of the planning and carrying out of the activities in the home that give expression to the real meaning of Christmas. Having the experience

Table Grace

Dear Father, as we come to our table for this Christmas dinner, we thank thee for the gift of food. We think of all those whom we love, far and near, and pray thy blessing to be with them as they eat their food this Christmas Day. May all of us remember the greatest gift from thee, the gift of Jesus. Help us to keep the spirit of Christmas in our hearts each day of our lives. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH.

Prayer

A Prayer for Christmas: Jesus in your manger bed, we see you there, with cattle near and shepherds kneeling and wise men bringing gifts. We bring you our own gifts this Christmas Day, all that we have, our hearts. They're filled with love for you and with praise to the Father, whose precious Christmas gift to us you are. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH.

In Another Land and Time

In another land and time,
Long ago and far away,
Jesus Christ our Lord was born
On the first glad Christmas Day.

Gracious words of truth and love
They who met Him heard Him say:
All the careworn world was blessed
From that first glad Christmas Day.

Little children He did love
With a tender heart and gay.
Carol, then, each Christian child,
Praise our Lord this Christmas Day.

—SOURCE UNKNOWN.

Long, Long Ago

Winds through the olive trees
Softly did blow,
Round little Bethlehem
Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy sky,
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed,
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem
Long, long ago.

—ANONYMOUS.

¹From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William A. Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

at Christmas

doing what is talked about makes a deep and lasting impression on young hearts and minds.

Helping to prepare and decorate the house for the Christmas festival, helping bake cookies to share with others, helping to plan and make gifts, and later helping to deliver Christmas gifts to friends and neighbors may be a real worship experience for a child at Christmas. He will have experienced love that will give meaning to this verse:

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.—1 John 4:7.

Sometime during the month you should plan for a time when the family can read together the beautiful Christmas story as told in Luke 2:1-20. If you have several versions of the New Testament it will be a rewarding experience to read the story from the different versions on different days. For young children, the Revised Standard Version will tell the story in language more like that which they hear every day. That story might be read first. The American Standard Version might be read next, ending with the beautiful story as told in the King James Version. This reading might be at a quiet time just before bedtime, or at any time most convenient for your situation. Singing Christmas carols will add to such a worship period. The poems, verses and prayers which appear on these pages might also be used at that time, or at any time during the month when your child's experiences will give meaning to them.

the

camel

bell

A story that might have happened

IT WAS ONE of young Joel's daily tasks to bring water from the well in the middle of the town of Bethlehem to fill his aunt's water pot. It was a tedious task carrying water morning and night, but since Joel was an orphan and dependent upon his father's brother for food and shelter, the water carrying was no great thing to ask in return. There were not too many things which a small boy could do for his board, and Joram the brickmaker was not a rich man. Every member of the household worked hard. As Joel stood waiting his turn to draw water from the town well, he listened absently to the gossip of two women who had reached the well before he did.

It was twilight and a very bright star had come out low in the sky, on the other side of the town where the inn stood.

"The shepherd, Reuben, says that the sky seemed to open and that angels came toward the earth singing," the younger woman was saying.

"A pretty tale," the older woman said. "But no doubt that the herd boy dreamed it."

"It is true enough that a baby was born in the stable behind the inn," the other woman said. "I feel sorry for the young mother. They say she has no better cradle for the child than one of the man-gers."

Off in the twilight the faint tinkling of bells sounded. Joel tried to see whence the sweet sound came. It must be that some rich traveler with a camel was coming into the town. Only rich travelers from far-off places rode on camels, especially camels wearing bells.

The two women walked away, talking. Joel stood listening. Certainly the sound of camel bells was growing closer.

Then the tall beasts loomed almost above Joel. There were three of them. As they came closer Joel could see the rich fittings of the saddles and bridles, the handsome strings of brass bells that made the ringing sounds.

"Can you tell us the way to the inn?" The finely dressed man who leaned to ask the question must be some foreign prince. Joel

had never seen such beautiful robes nor such a magnificent and strange headdress.

The little boy was struck almost wordless by the great camels, the richly dressed riders.

"The inn? There—where that big bright star stands in the sky," Joel gasped, pointing.

"Yes, we have followed His star to this town," the rider smiled. "This then must be our journey's end."

One of the other strangers nodded. "The star seems to rest here," he said. "It must be that the Christ Child, He whom we seek, is here."

"Have you heard of such a great happening in your town?" the third man asked Joel.

The little boy stared up bewildered. "No. No great wonder has taken place in Bethlehem," he stammered. "Except that the town is very crowded now with folk come for the taxing."

The three elderly men glanced at each other. "You in the town have heard nothing of the birth of a Child?" he asked as if puzzled.

"Well—" Joel thought hard. "There has been some talk about a baby born in the stable behind the inn, because his parents could not find a place in the inn itself," he remembered. "And some shepherds watching their flocks by night in the hills outside the town have told of seeing an angel. But most folk say the shepherds dreamed it."

The strangers nodded to each other. "It is as Herod the king told us," one said. "The Child born King of the Jews is in Bethlehem. Let us hasten to bear our gifts to the stable behind the inn and to worship Him."

Joel's dark young eyes grew round with amazement. Could it be true? Could the ancient words of the prophets have come true—now? Here in Bethlehem?

"Do you mean the prophecies are fulfilled—about the coming of the Messiah?" Joel gasped.

"We believe it is so," one of the strangers told him kindly. "We must water our camels. Their journey has been hard and of many days. Then we must hasten to the inn stable."

By Eleanor
Hammond

Joel drew water for the three tall animals, whose thirst seemed almost endless. One of the foreign princes handed him a silver coin—as he thanked him.

AT ANOTHER TIME the possession of a silver coin would have filled all the little boy's thoughts. But now even this amazing wealth did not seem important. Joel's eyes followed the strangers, moving away into the twilight, going in the direction of the bright star and the inn.

His wondering was interrupted by his foot striking something that lay on the ground near the well. It was a pretty little brass bell—a camel bell.

"It must have dropped from one of the bridles," Joel thought. He held it in his hand, studying the clever workmanship, the fine designs etched into the metal. How sweet it sounded when he shook it!

"I must hurry after the travelers and return it to them. It is not mine," Joel told himself with a sigh. He would have liked to keep the beautiful brass bell.

The strange princes had said they were going to the inn so Joel started in that direction.

Then he stopped, remembering

his aunt's water pot. She would be waiting for the water she had asked him to bring. It was a long way to the inn on the other side of the village.

"I must take my aunt the water for which she sent me," Joel decided with a sigh. "I have already been longer than she will like in fetching it."

He filled the jar and started carefully toward his uncle's house with it.

"The evening meal is ready," Rachel, his uncle's wife, told the little boy firmly. "There is no time for you to go all the way to the inn before we eat. You can take the bell to these strange travelers of whom you speak, in the morning. Certainly they will stay in Bethlehem overnight, after a long journey."

It was hard to wait until morning. Joel was filled with impatience.

He rose before sunrise and hurried across town to the inn. There were no camels in the courtyard of the inn. There were no princely strangers near the place.

"They have departed for their own country by another way," the kindly middle-aged man who was

saddling a donkey just outside the stable told the little boy, when he had listened to Joel's story. "You cannot overtake them—and they will not miss one camel bell. I think you may keep the pretty bell for yourself."

"The Baby—the Child the foreign kings came to see—is He still here?" Joel asked timidly.

"He is here. His name is called Jesus," the young woman who had come to the stable door told Joel gently.

Joel gazed for a long, long time at the tiny perfect face of the Child in her arms. He was filled with a great joy and peace as he looked.

"We must leave," the man who now had the donkey saddled said after a while. "I am taking the young Child and His mother upon a long journey—and we must be on our way."

Joel looked again at the beautiful young Child, smiled shyly at the mother.

"I—I would like to give Him my camel bell," the little boy told the baby's mother. "Would you tie it around the donkey's neck—so little Jesus may hear its pleasant sound upon the journey?"

The Tunnel of Snow

The whole town is snowbound—Cousin Tom to the rescue!

SPHTTT..." went the clock on Cousin Tom's table. Now this was a queer kind of clock that the bachelor cat had in his room. Before it started to strike the hour it always began, "Sphttt..." This would wake Cousin Tom so that he would be ready to count the number of strikes. But, as I

By Glenn H. Asquith

said, this was a queer clock, and it did not strike, "Bong, Bong, Bong!" like your clock and mine. No indeed. It struck in Cousin Tom's own language like this: "Sphttt... Meow! Meow! Meow! Meow! Meow! Meow! Meow!" and then Cousin Tom knew it was seven o'clock.

Well, on this morning of which I am telling you the clock started its, "Sphttt..." and then Cousin Tom opened his ears and counted seven meows. He knew it was time to get up. But something was wrong!

The old bachelor Cousin looked for the sunshine through the window and all he could see was darkness. It was dark through the little window in the door.

"I am sure I set that clock last night," said Cousin Tom, "and here it is striking seven in the middle of the night!" So he turned over to go to sleep again.

The old gentleman could not sleep, though. His stomach was striking breakfast time. "That's funny," said Cousin Tom, "can the clock and my stomach both be wrong? Let us see about this."

Out of bed rolled Cousin Tom. He put on his flannel bathrobe and his box-top slippers and went to the door. What do you suppose? The darkness was not because of night but because snow was packed up over the little window.

"My, my," said the bachelor cat, "I am snowed in! Patience Poodle will not be able to come and get breakfast. I shall have to get busy!"

Quickly Cousin Tom took his bath, brushed his teeth and dressed. Then he cooked a good, hot breakfast of milk and bread. Then he put the dishes in the sink (to do later, you know), and wrapped a woolen scarf around his neck. He put on his high boots and his warm gloves. Then he took the snow shoved in one hand and opened the door with the other.

Poor Cousin Tom! That snow outside his door had been trying to get in all night, and as soon as the door opened in it rushed! It upset Tom and made a big pile right in the living room with the cat cousin's head and arms and legs sticking out every which way!

Cousin Tom got up and shook himself. "This is bad," he said, "very bad." He thought he knew what to do. He took his shovel and pulled in some more snow from above his door. He thought he could dig out to the top and then he would have a hole to climb through. He dug and dug, but no light could he see.

"This is just like the time my grandfather told me," said Tom to himself. "The snow was so deep that the animal people could not get to the top. Now what did grandfather do? Oh, I remember—a tunnel!"

So Cousin Tom began to dig a tunnel from his door pointing toward Mrs. Poodle's house. But don't you know what happened? His little house was soon full of snow. He had no place to throw it. But Cousin Tom knew what to do. He took the dishes out of the sink and turned on the hot water. Then he shoveled the snow into the sink and the hot water melted it and it ran down the drain. He cleared out the house and then he took a bucket with him into the tunnel. Whenever he had a bucket full of snow he ran back and dumped it in the sink.

"Mrrow!" The old gentleman cat stopped shoveling to listen. Again he heard, "Mrrow!"

"Oh, it is my telephone," said Tom, and he ran back to answer.

The telephone was queer, too. It did not go, "Ring-a-ling" like your telephone, but it always said, "Mrrow!"

"Hello," said Cousin Tom, "who is it?"

"This is Bump Bear," said a deep voice. "What are we ever going to do? The snow is so deep we can't get out. Our honey bottle is empty and Big and Bong are awfully hungry!"

Who Is the Child So Young and Fair?

**Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in that manger lies?
Who is the child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ Child lieth there.**

**My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest, dearest cradle song.**

**Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son has given,
While angels sing, our hearts to cheer,
To all the earth a glad new year!**

—MARTIN LUTHER.

Cousin Tom told the bear daddy about his tunnel. "But what do you do with the snow?" asked Bump Bear.

The bachelor cat told the bear daddy how he was putting it in the sink with the hot water running. "Oh, Cousin Tom, how smart you are," said Bump. "You know a whole lot more than Blinky Owl!"

"Thank you," said the cat gentleman. "And I have another idea. Let us phone the other folks and have them dig tunnels toward the center of town and we will all meet and share our food."

"Fine. Wonderful. Good. Very good. Extra good," said the bear. "And I will phone the Squirrels and the Lambs."

"All right," said Cousin Tom, "I will phone the other people."

Then Bump Bear and Cousin Tom telephoned the other folks and all of them promised to start on their tunnels right away.

NOW I MUST tell you this. Cousin Tom was very tired and he knew his tunnel was already at the center of town, so he made himself a nice soft bed of the snow and went to sleep while he waited for the others to dig.

And that is where Cousin Tom was when the other folks met in the center of town and Adam Angora-Cat completely buried the bachelor fellow with his last shovel-full of snow. How everyone laughed when Tom stuck his head out with his whiskers all white and his ears and mouth full of the cold stuff. Cousin Tom coughed and jumped around and was soon feeling like himself again.

My, how the animal children enjoyed racing through the tunnels. They could go to any house

they wanted, and with their bright eyes they see in the dark.

The older animals sat around and told about their grandfathers and the great snows in their day.

Finally, Cousin Tom said, "This is a lot of fun, but we must do something about food for tomorrow."

"What can we do?" they all asked.

Cousin Tom had a fine idea. "Let us all dig in this center place where our tunnels meet. The children can rush the snow back to the sinks in their little sand pails, and sooner or later we will come to the top."

And that is what they did. They all dug, and before you can say, "Tinkly, tinkly, tinkly, tansy," they had a hole right up to the sunshine. My, how glad they were to see the light.

"Now, how are we going to get up there?" asked Grandpa Poodle.

"Does anyone have a ladder?" asked Bump Bear. He was so pleased that he had thought of that. He thought he too was as smart as Blinky Owl.

No one had a ladder. "We can stand on each other's shoulders," said Cousin Tom. "Bump Bear is the largest, so he can stand at the bottom."

Flippy Squirrel was so small and such a good climber that he was the one to be on the top. And he stuck his little head over to see what he could see.

"Run for your lives!" shouted Flippy, scrambling down from his perch. "Get into your tunnels, quick!"

Nobody stopped to ask what was the matter. Each one dashed back into his own tunnel, and Kerrump! There was a big noise and everything was dark again.

Cousin Tom found that his tunnel was caved in, and all the other people found theirs were caved in. They dug and dug and finally cleared them out. And there they were in the sunshine with a big open ditch running right through the town.

"Flippy!" they cried, "what did this? What did you see coming?"

"It was Mayor Harry Horse," said Flippy. "Mr. Perkins had him hitched to the snow-plow."

Well, they all laughed and laughed. And they thanked Cousin Tom for thinking of the snow tunnels. Everything was fine now and they could all find food.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Directions for solving: Guess the words defined below and write each guessed word over the numbered dashes following the definition. Then transfer each letter of the guessed word to the same numbered white square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings. The filled pattern, reading from left to right, will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. The hard, greedy man in Dickens' *Christmas Carol* -----

4 114 15 42 68 29 8

B. A main road or thoroughfare -----

13 37 66 47 20 49 11

C. Christmas gift Dad always gets -----

124 121 131

D. Poverty-stricken -----

102 48 98 129 54

E. Very hard; obdurate -----

1 6 18 33 27 2 12

F. Slender, also to snub -----

57 35 21 67 23 38

G. Freedom from physical disease -----

92 30 61 53 44 94

H. The night before Christmas -----

112 50 115

I. A picture of the Virgin Mary -----

130 70 7 56 52 90 74

J. Firmly -----

91 76 78 45 58 31 75

K. Every day -----

119 107 95 122 83

L. Marvelous; astonishing -----

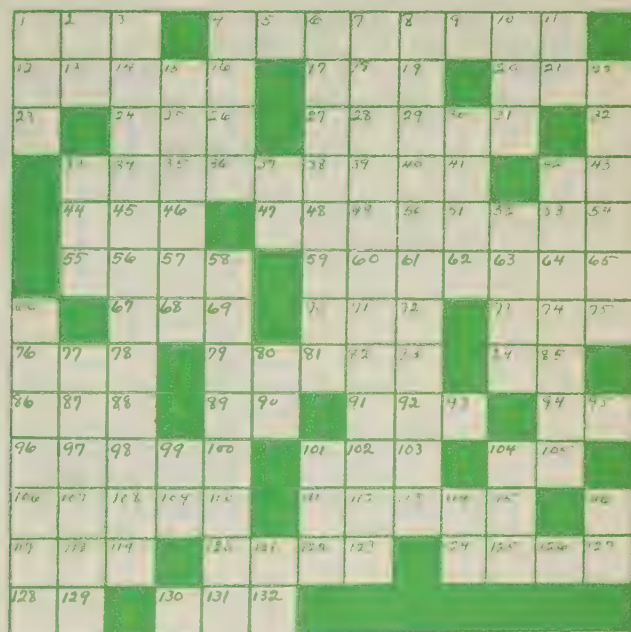
17 81 9 3 14 60 43 5 10

M. Acquired, or earned -----

79 127 62 77 46 72

N. The Wise Men's guide to the birthplace of Jesus -----

99 109 113 108



(Solution on page 47.)

O. Led; directed -----

86 39 89 69 51 40

P. Strike heavily or repeatedly -----

59 85 34 71 88

Q. Call for help -----

73 118 19

R. Not at any place -----

28 125 120 25 106 82 16

S. Utter a loud cry; shout -----

126 97 104 117 111

T. To give; bestow -----

103 87 105 101 24 93

U. Sharp to the taste; also a small pie -----

100 32 128 84

V. To become longer -----

80 41 132 96 22 55 26 65

W. Bright Christmas tree ornaments -----

123 64 116 110 36 63

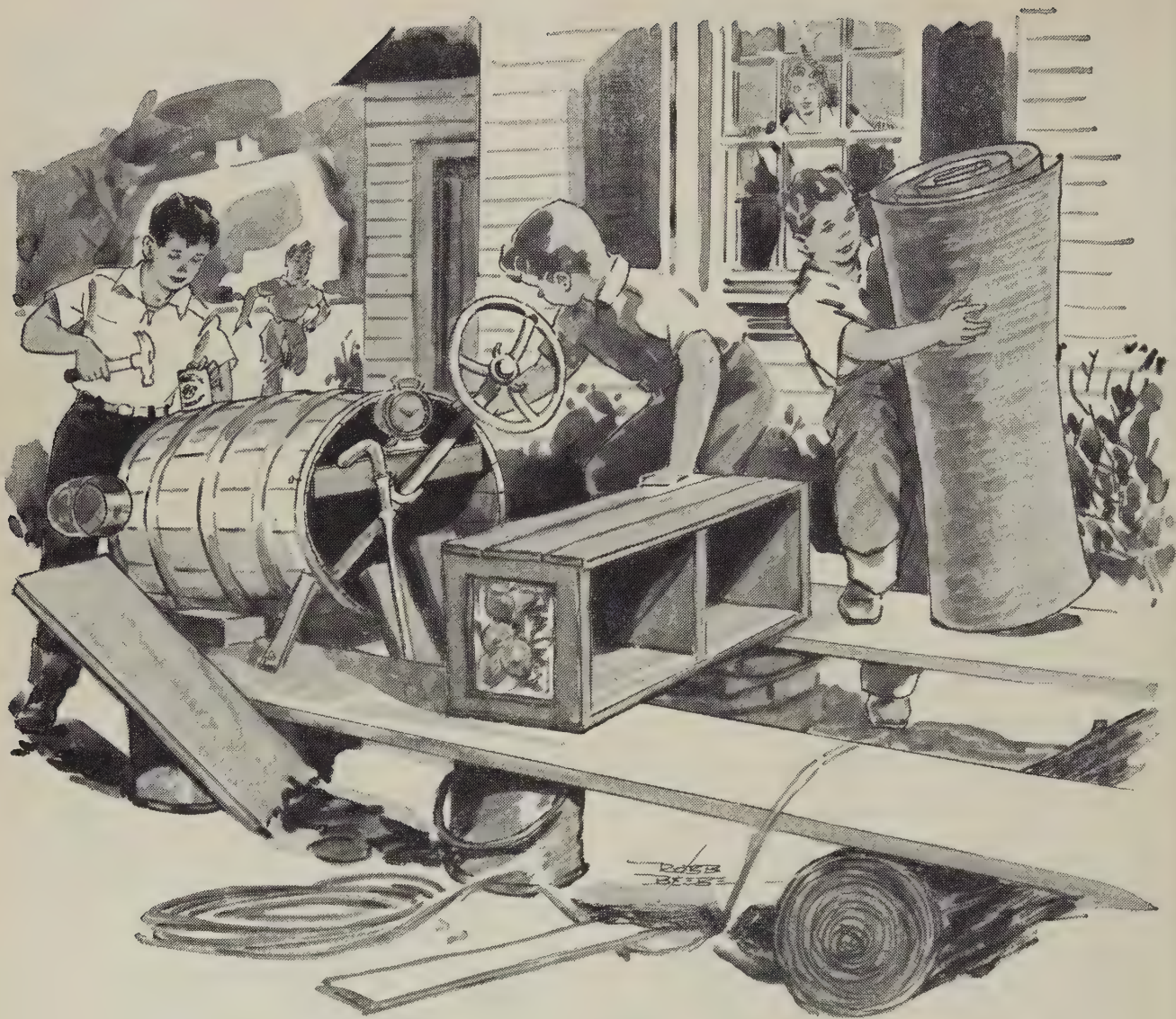


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBB BEEBE

Joey and the

Paper Money

MRS. BRATTLEBORO took another look at the porch and called to Joey. "Your paper money, Joey—it's blowing all over. Please pick up your mess."

"Yeah, I will." But Joey remained on the step, his chin cupped in his hands, his eyes down the street where his playmates lived.

It was too hot to stand at the door or to argue. But Mrs. Brat-

tleboro did wish Joey would mind. She had been patient for three days now, with six children on the front porch playing store.

The children of the neighborhood usually congregated at the Brattleboros'. Their lawn was the poorest on the block (too many trees for growing nice grass) and it didn't matter too much if Joey's sand from last year's pile got scattered over the back yard.

The Brattleboro floors weren't nice, either. It was no tragedy if

muddy feet tramped to Joey's room. Even the garage and basement weren't like the others on the street. But if Mrs. Brattleboro suggested that her husband discarded his accumulation of scrap he would remind her that one never knows when something, even a piece of wire, might come in handy.

To her surprise, Mrs. Brattleboro found Joey in the house with her. "What can I do?" he asked.

"With all the toys you boys

By FLORENCE BAKALYAR

around here have?"

"We've played everything."

True enough, thought Mrs. Brattleboro. After all, this was the end of summer.

"Larry Scofield's dad got a new car," announced Joey.

"Who's he?"

"The boy who moved into the new house, the one with the four bathrooms."

"Oh."

"I wish we had a new car."

"I do, too, Joey."

Mrs. Brattleboro sat in the chair by the window and drew Joey close. With one hand she combed back his hair and with the other she gently touched his bare shoulder. She wished he were a toddler again, not eight years old.

"Joey," she said quietly, "things balance, somehow. I just bet Larry's father doesn't help him make things down in their basement."

"It's a red car," said Joey.

"And, Joey, think of that poor little Thompson boy. His mother died last month."

Joey's eyes suddenly had lights in them again. "Oh, did I tell you, Mother, how since she died her friends have been bringing candy and toys to him? And guess what—yesterday an aunt brought a huge box of bubble gum." Joey's fingers measured six inches . . . twelve. "Hundreds of them—well, a lot, anyway."

It serves me right, thought Mrs. Brattleboro. Didn't she know that you can't *teach* values. Children, even adults, have to discover for themselves.

"Joey, darling, don't you think—"

"I'll pick 'em up." But instead, Joey was bounding up the stairs to his room.

There were small voices on the porch and a timid knock. When she opened the door, she saw Larry

and his younger brother. Larry was ten. It was the first time Mrs. Brattleboro had seen him at this end of the street.

"Brattleboro here?" he asked.

"Yes, this is Brattleboros'."

"Brattleboro in?"

"You mean Mr. Brattleboro?"

"We come to play with Brattleboro," said the smaller boy.

"You mean Joey?"

"Yes," said Larry.

"You call him Brattleboro?"

"The other kids do."

JOEY WAS OUT of the house again in a hurry, and Mrs. Brattleboro felt more alone than she ever had. Joey was certainly no longer her little boy when the fel-

lows called him Brattleboro. That should be saved for when he was a football star. For that matter, Joey should never have to be called Brattleboro. That's why they'd named him Joseph so that there'd be no nonsense about nicknames. Joe suited a boy, and it suited a man.

A few minutes later Mrs. Brattleboro heard voices in the basement. Quietly she opened the kitchen door and listened.

"Kinda junky down here," she heard Joey say.

"Oh, me!" said Larry. "You sure got a lot of things. What's this?"

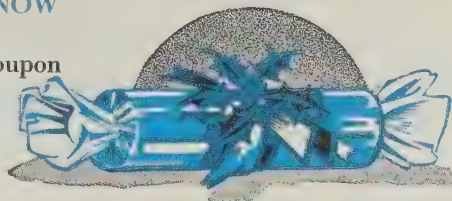
"A machine my dad invented."
(Continued on page 42.)

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A

Long

Christmas

By Nancy Brewer

HENRY, MY HUSBAND, looked at the calendar hanging on the kitchen wall the minute he came into the room where I was cooking breakfast. "The first day of December! Well, who would believe it?"

Nine-year-old George looked up from his shoes, where he was struggling with a broken lace. "Donnie calls it Christmas month," he told us. "Mary Jean laughs over that because it is still so far away."

Then Henry plunged into a monologue often given and which that year changed Christmas observance in our home. "When I was a boy, Christmas wasn't so far from the first day of December. We had work to do for Christmas. We made many of our own presents. We trimmed our own Christmas tree with hickory nuts wrapped in tinsel, strings of cranberries and popcorn we popped and strung ourselves. We decorated the mantel with cedar and mistletoe we got down from the trees." He stopped to chuckle. "Made presents, did I say? I reckon in the years I was growing up I made a half hundred boxes for knives; one each year for Mother, some for grandmother's butcher knives, some for Aunt Jane's best silver and lots of others."

Wistfully then George spoke up. "I wish we could have a long Christmas like Daddy did," he said.

Though I didn't say anything about a long Christmas at that minute, I started a long line of thought on how we parents of today are robbing our children of

**Haven't you, when a child,
ever wished Christmas could
go on and on and on?**

the great joy of sharing in the making of Christmas in our homes. That night I told Henry some of the conclusions of that thinking.

I said, "We have the children write letters to Santa Claus and that stops their thoughts of Christmas gifts until they find them piled under a Christmas tree you and I decorate and which they do not see until Christmas morning when you flash the lights on it and call them downstairs."

Henry agreed it was selfish. "We warn them against touching the ornaments lest they break them," he added. "And when I was a boy Father was always warning us to watch to keep the tinsel tight around the nuts and to replace any ragged strings of popcorn with new ones. Yes, my dear, it looks to me as if the Christmas tree in our home doesn't belong to the children at all."

"This year," I spoke earnestly, "let's let the children share the joy of preparing for Christmas."

"We shall," he agreed.

The next morning at breakfast Henry regaled the children with stories about the Christmas of his boyhood. He told about the knife boxes he made annually for his mother's Christmas gift and the aprons his sister Bess embroidered

for his aunts and grandmother. He ended with the suggestion that this year each member of the family make one gift for another member.

"So mother will not have too many knife boxes," he chuckled. "Let's write our names on cards, put them into Donald's cap and then each one draw one. You can trade names if you choose," he said, "but each must make a gift. Donnie," he reached over and took the chubby hand of the four-year-old of our family, "and I shall work together on our gifts."

Soon I knew the identity of the person for whom each member of the family was making a gift, for all but George came to me to discuss the gifts and also occasionally for help. I stamped the initials on the silk muffler Mary Jean made for her father and blocked the knobby brown gloves Eleanor knitted for Robert, our high school lad.

Though he made Donald's sled in the workshop at high school, Robert often talked about it at home of evenings after Donald had gone to bed. I helped Henry and Donald select patterns for beading the leather moccasins they were making as house slippers for the girls of our home.

"That leaves George and me as the pair who cannot discuss the gifts we are making for each other," I whispered to Henry one night and then showed him the half of the red slipover sweater I had finished. I wanted to say, "I do need the knife box on which he's working in your basement shop," but somehow I didn't.

How joyous it was to have secrets we could share with others that December! Before the excitement of that had given way, we were discussing the Christmas basket we annually sent to a widow and her five children. Donald and George sorted their toys to find some the children would enjoy and then helped in repairing and repainting them to make them new again.

Mary Jean and Eleanor voted to make cake and candy for the basket, using some of their funds from baby sitting to buy the in-

gredients. Robert and George worked for the corner grocer taking their pay in a small turkey. Henry and I supplied the rest of the food contents but we all helped in wrapping cans, bags and packages making them doubly "Christmassy," the children said.

WHEN I was in the basement doing my laundry work on Saturday morning, I often caught the soft strains of music as Mary Jean practiced Christmas carols she intended to play on Christmas morning as a surprise for us. When I was in my room upstairs on some evenings knitting on the sweater for George, I would overhear Henry and Donald as the father taught the little son a beautiful, little Christmas poem.

We all drove out to the country one Saturday afternoon to select the Christmas tree Farmer Burke was to deliver for the joint family decorating. We were all careful not to send out one letter without the Christmas Seals we had purchased jointly as one of our several welfare projects.

Instead of suffering from the month's preparation for Christmas, the school work of the children improved as shown by the month's grades on their cards. One of the teachers told me, "Happy children who have helpful interests always do better work than those whose parents keep things like this from them lest they interfere with their grades. I learned that long ago."

Our daily program was not interrupted by our Christmas work, but our recreation hours were busy ones, given the spice that comes from doing something new, something delightfully thrilling.

And there was time a-plenty for rehearsals of our church school program, for school Christmas activities, for the regular line of neighborhood affairs. What was missing from each day's program was the idle hours when the younger children fretted over "nothing to do" and the older ones over feelings of boredom.

Then Christmas Eve arrived and all of us stood back when Donald snapped on the lights which

brought out all the beauty of the Christmas tree we had trimmed, each hanging his or her favorite ornaments on, Henry lifting George so he could wire the Christmas star at its top; Mary Jean and Eleanor winding on it last of all the long string of popcorn they had popped and strung for their father's surprise.

Henry and the boys carried the Christmas basket to the widow's home. Mary Jean played the Christmas carols we sang. Wee

Donald repeated his poem and then we unwrapped the gifts piled under the Christmas tree.

Today I still have in honor place on my desk an exquisite replica of the little stone house in which I was born. Little George himself made it that Christmas—fashioning it of cardboard and then gluing to it the tiny rocks he collected from the bed of a dry stream. The isinglass windows, the two chimneys topping the rusty red roof,

(Continued on page 42.)



—Eva Luoma.

AT FIRST GLANCE that may seem to be an impertinent question, and may continue to seem so even when we hasten to add that legal possession does not enter into it. The person who owns the paper and ink and binding of a Bible and so considers the Bible his, couldn't be more wrong—if that is all he owns. When we buy the component materials of a Bible we are in reality making a down payment, and the transaction of making the Bible ours goes on the rest of our lives as we continue to make payments out of our interest and study. Many people make nothing but the down payment and there occurs a sort of natural process of dispossession as the Bible, in every significant sense, slips from their grasp.

Bibles have always been popular substitutes for filing cabinets and most of us have pressed flowers between the pages and deposited other sentimental treasures there. These pressed flowers have always seemed to me to be a bit depressing because in the first place they are brittle, odorless, discolored ghosts of the beauty and fragrance which once they were, but most of all because they are a perfect symbol of what too many people have made of the truths of the Bible. Amongst many of us there is the tendency to cling to the contents of the Bible with the same sentimental attachment we have for our mementoes. We like to take them out and shed a tear or two over them occasionally and speak throbbing words of the mystery and drama of their origin, but then we carefully put them back again and wish them untroubled

slumber between the pages of "our" Bible.

The Bible is the food upon which Christians feast and from which they draw strength and vitality of faith and life. Following this figure of speech, we know that physical food only becomes "ours" when the body accepts it, digests it and the nourishment of it is carried throughout the whole bloodstream. So it is with the Bible and the spiritual body of man. It becomes "ours" only as the mind and soul digest it and the nourishment it gives is carried to every cell of our spiritual being. Therefore in the widespread unwillingness of homes to be without a Bible there is something suspiciously closer to superstition than to religion. A Bible resting upon its high shelf, never opened, gathering the dust of disuse, never did anyone a particle of good—just as food nourishes no one until it is eaten and digested. More than any other book the Bible belongs to those who read it, who assimilate its message and to whom the men and truths of the Bible are old and familiar friends.

But possession of the Bible, in the deepest sense of the word, goes further than that. Many people who do indeed read the Bible with great regularity never really possess it. These are the people who are only interested in gleaning from the Bible certain texts or references which will substantiate their doctrinal positions. They already know what it is they believe and open the Bible merely to find words in agreement with them. Such people can appear to have great technical skill in the use of

the Bible but in reality such "skill" is useless. It is as though someone spent much time learning composition, but never bothered to write anything. It is as though someone spent many years learning the technique of speech, but never had anything to say. All knowledge, all skill, all technique which we have in connection with the Bible combine for one purpose; that the truths of the Bible, and He who inspired them, find expression in our lives.

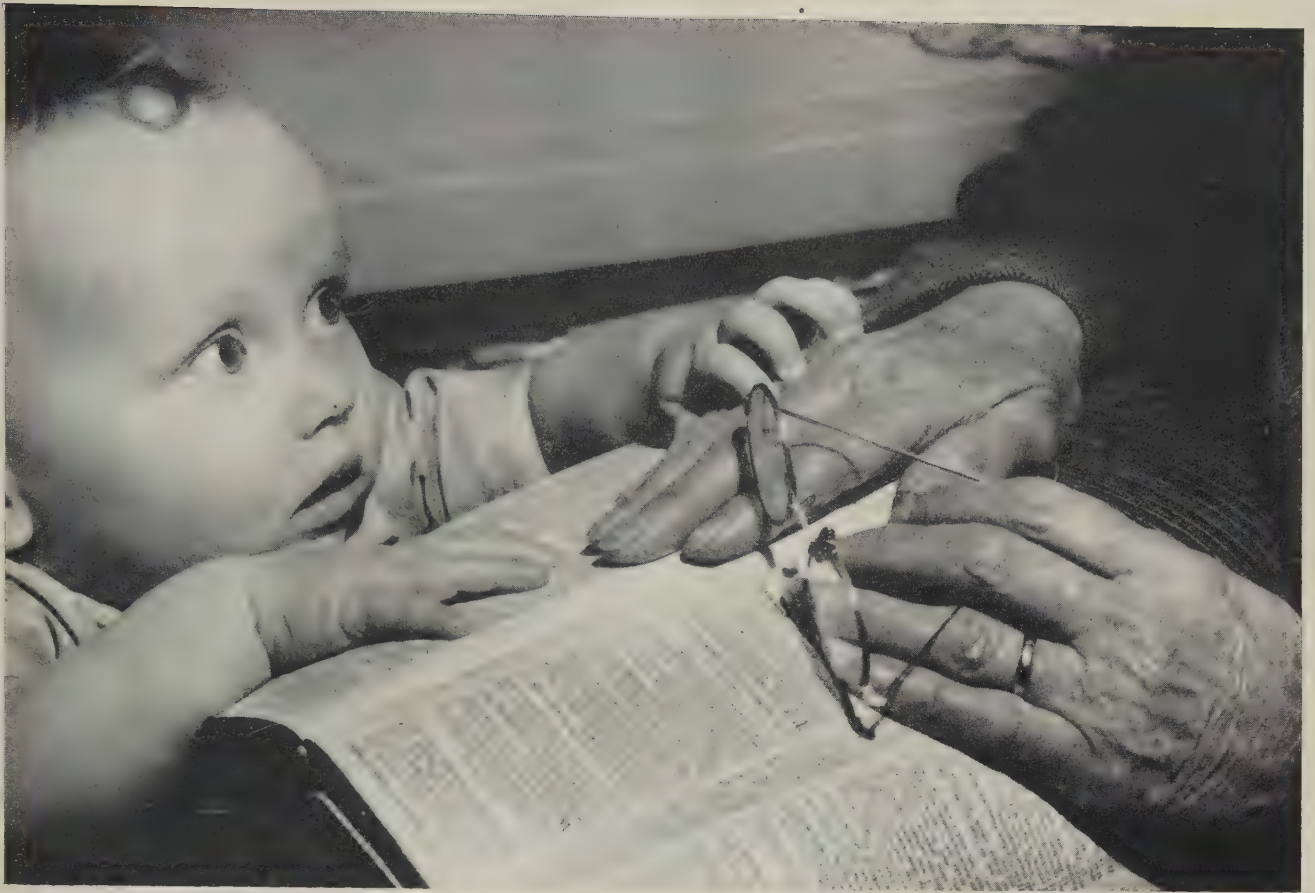
Someone has said that the greatest proof of the Bible's divine inspiration is the fact that it has survived the treatment of its friends. That certainly seems true when we consider what is perhaps the supreme slander of the Bible: that it is a dull, lusterless book. That libel, I think, has done greater harm than the heresy that the Bible is not divinely inspired. It has caused even its friends to shy away from it and to look askance at the idea of spending much time reading it. I can't, off-hand, think of a single dull person in all the Bible. Sinners and saints, great men and small, kings and captains—they are all full of the breath and blood of real life. The Bible is filled with poetry the like of which no man has written since. It has within it the supremest examples of the story-teller's art and is woven of eternal truths which remain unaffected by time's corrosion. We have been too prone to press it into one plateau of dullness and to ignore the green valleys and majestic mountains of its rich variety. Dante's *Inferno*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Handel's *Mes-*

Does Your Bible

Belong

By Thomas Moyo

to You?



Youth, Age and the Timeless Book.

—*Religious New Service.*

siah, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—these are valuable parts of man's spiritual heritage, but in reality they are pale and imperfect expressions of what our greatest artists found in the Word of God. We have sold the Bible short by tacitly agreeing with, or at least by not protesting vigorously enough, the popular impression that the Bible is a dull and lusterless book. When the Bible is truly ours in the deepest sense, the richest treasures of man's mind and spirit are ours also and we have gained entrance into the Kingdom of God.

And so there is this paradox about our reading of the Bible: the more we use the Bible for our own selfish purposes, manipulating its texts to our own convenience, the less it really belongs to us. In order for the Bible to belong to us in the deepest sense, it is necessary that we belong to the God who inspired the Bible! The less we "use" the Bible in any selfish sense and the more the Bible uses us, the more real and significant

becomes our ownership of it. I can remember the story of an old minister who was supposed to have lived near my home town and who was forever preaching sermons on baptism, no matter what text he read. In desperation his congregation took to selecting texts from which they could not possibly see how he could preach on baptism and requesting that he preach from them. On one occasion he was requested to preach upon the subject "The Voice of a Turtle," a phrase found in the Song of Solomon. "Well, my brethren," the old gentleman began confidently, "have you ever heard the voice of a turtle? No, of course not. The author here no doubt speaks in a poetic way and by 'voice' really means 'noise.' Well, my brethren, the only noise I ever remember a turtle making, offhand, is when he falls 'KERSPLASH' into a river off a log—obviously a prophetic reference to baptism, my brethren!"

Now, the way most of us tend

to misuse the Bible probably is a long way from being that extreme. Many of us read along in the Bible, page after page, looking uninspired, our minds droning through the words when, suddenly, we sit upright with a gleam in our eyes and say, "Why, this is exactly what I was saying the other day!" The fact that some text has backed up our own preconceived ideas, the fact that some reference has encouraged us in our doctrinal position, recommends the Bible to us immensely, but we are not enough impressed by the fact that the Bible is the Word of God and proclaims Christ who alone is the hope of the world. Looked upon in that light we do not even think of using the Bible toward our own selfish ends but only for the glory of God and the salvation of mankind. Then will the Bible be ours—in the sense that God is ours: our Lord and Master, and we are His to do in everything His pleasure and to follow Him through all the ways of our wandering.



The Spinning Wheel

By Ann I. Tatman

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS LISTENING

The Night Before Christmas (RCA Victor). This one 45 rpm record contains the beloved tale by Clement C. Moore, related by Milton Cross. Although not a religious piece, the poem has always been a favorite of children, and is here beautifully presented.

Why the Chimes Rang (RCA Victor). One of the most moving of all Christmas stories is that of why the chimes which remained silent before the gifts of kings and lords, rang joyfully when a small boy gave all his earthly possessions. Ted Malone narrates the story of these two 45 rpm records.

The Boy Who Sang for the King (RCA Victor). Dennis Day tells the story of the boy who, although earthly kings would not hear his voice, finally found an audience in Christ, the King of kings. An unusual story about the birth of Jesus, this is recorded on two 45 rpm records.

The Littlest Angel (Decca). Loretta Young is the narrator for this tale of the littlest angel in heaven who wanted to give a present to God's Son. "Lullaby of Christmas," with Gregory Peck, is also on the record, a long-playing one at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm. Both stories are by Charles Tazewell.

The Small One (Decca). Another story by Charles Tazewell is this one narrated by Bing Crosby. It tells of the small donkey who was present at the birth of the Christ Child. "The Happy Prince," with Bing Crosby and Orson Welles, is the other story on this ten-inch, long-playing (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm) record.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas (Decca). Fred Waring, with his orchestra and well-known chorus, offers this selection of carols and hymns. The ten-inch, long-playing (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm) record includes the following: "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Oh Gathering Clouds,"

"Adeste Fideles," "Cantique de Noel," "The First Nowell," "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," "Carol of the Bells," "Beautiful Saviour."

Christmas Songs by Dick Haymes (Decca). The well-known popular singer sings this group of favorite Christmas carols: "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," "Joy to the World," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "Ave Maria" (Schubert), "The First Nowell," "Cradle Song of the Virgin." This is a ten-inch, long-playing (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm) record.

Merry Christmas (Decca). This ten-inch, long-playing (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm) record includes selections by Bing Crosby that vary from well-known and well-loved Christmas carols to popular Christmas tunes. The titles are: "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Adeste Fideles," "White Christmas," "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "I'll Be Home for Christmas," "Faith of Our Fathers," "Jingle Bells," "Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town."

The Nativity (RCA Victor). Walter Hampden, the famous actor, is the narrator for this dramatization of the Nativity story. Earle McGill is the director.

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Ichabod ("The Legend of Sleepy Hollow") (Decca). Bing Crosby narrates and sings this story of the schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow. Also on the ten-inch long-playing (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm) record is another story by Washington Irving, "Rip Van Winkle." Walter Huston does the narration for this.

Me and My Teddy Bear (Decca). Frank Luther, famous for his recordings for children, does this short story, and also "I Found Mama" on the other side of the ten-inch 78 rpm Deccalite record.

Early Choral Music (RCA Victor). The Trapp Family, the Austrian family now living in this country, sings this group of songs written especially for

choral groups. Dr. Franz Wasner is the director, and the selections include: "Mein Einigs A" (My Own A) (Hofhaimer); "Innsbruck, Ich Muss Dich Lassen" (Innsbruck, I Must Leave You) (Isaac); "Es Ist Ein Ros Entsprungen" (Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming) (Praetorius); "Zu Bethlehem Geboren" (In Bethlehem Born) (Unknown Master of the Seventeenth Century); "Landsknechtstanden" (Soldier's Serenade) (de Lassus); "Die Martinsgans" (St. Martin's Goose) (de Lassus); "Ein Hennlein Weiss" (A Little White Hen) (Scandelli); "Feinslieb Du Hast Mich Gefangen" (My Love, You Have Bewitched Me) (Hassler); "Tanzen und Springen" (Dancing and Skipping) (Hassler); "Wohlauf Ihr Lieben Gaste" (Now Then, Dear Guests) (Sartorius); "Il Bianco E Dolce Cigno" (The Sweet White Swan) (Arcadelt); "Come, Heavy Sleep" (Dowland). The album contains records at 78 rpm.

American Music for Orchestra (RCA Victor). Also at 78 rpm, these records present the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. The numbers include "Jubilee" (No. 1 from "Symphonic Sketches") (Chadwick); "Dirge" (from "Suite No. 2, Op. 48") ("Indian") (MacDowell); "Prelude to 'Oedipus Tyrannus,'" Op. 35 (Paine); "Nicht Soliloquy" (Kennan); "The White Peacock" (Griffes).

Bless This House (Decca). Known to thousands of radio listeners as the theme-song of a favorite program, this lovely song is sung by Kenny Baker and the Ken Darby Singers with Victor Young and his Orchestra. On the same record, and with the same artists, is "Help Me to Help My Neighbor."

The Beatitudes (RCA Victor). Igor Gorin, baritone, with the orchestra under Wilfrid Pelletier, renders Malotte's musical version of this portion of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount. On the other side, is "The Twenty-third Psalm" by the same composer.

**Discontent is the first step
in the progress of a man or
a nation.**

Oscar Wilde

**New occasions teach new
duties,
Time makes ancient good
uncouth;
They must upward still and
onward,
who would keep abreast of
truth.**

James Russell Lowell

¹RCA Victor's long-playing records have a larger spindle hole than others, so care should be taken to see that the records you choose may be played on your machine.

NO LONGER TALK any more about what a good man ought to be, but be such," Marcus Aurelius said long ago. We might say, "no longer speak of what a Christian Christmas ought to be, but have such." "Commercial Christmas"; "Secular Christmas"; "Community Christmas Observance"; "Christmas as material rather than spiritual"; "Santa Claus as the center of Christmas in the place of Christ"; "keeping up with the Joneses in gift giving rather than giving gifts of love"—all these are familiar phrases of twentieth-century Christmas talk.

We Christians know that we have allowed Christmas to be covered over with myriad customs and material expressions to such an extent that we are in danger of losing its blessing and insight and

Making

Christmas

CHRISTIAN

grace altogether. Not that "Christmas is lost," but that we are not spiritually sensitive to respond to its wonder and promise. Christmas is Christian. The heart of its meaning and the central figure of its drama is Christ, the gift of God's love to his children.

By

Dorothea

Pflug



—Don Knight.

This is the time to begin. Christians must set aside a preparation season—preparation to receive the gift of "the Son." One family of four decided to begin by looking at its own Christmas seasons of past years and evaluating them in terms of "a Christian Christmas." They discovered a few things which may be guideposts to others.

First, things made by individuals, and by the family working together, yield more joy than things bought outright. This included gifts for giving, decorations for the tree and the household, special holiday foods and sweets to be used in the family, in entertaining guests, and then to be shared with others as gifts.

Second, home celebration was important. "Christmas is a Home Time"—"Going Home for Christmas Is the Song of Millions of Hearts"—"Home Is the Most Wonderful Place in the World at Christmas Time"—these captions were copied from a widely read secular last December. Home in its appointments and activities give substance to the spirit of Christmas, the celebration of God's gift of Jesus Christ. With regard to appointments there is a crèche, a miniature nativity scene, used year after year by the family. It may be simple paper stand-up figures which the children have col-

ored, it may be modeled of clay or carved of wood or soap, or the figures may have been purchased one by one as appropriate animals and characters have been discovered by members of the family. The location of the crèche may serve as the worship center for the family.

There is a central picture of Christ or the nativity in the dining room or living room. The usual mantle picture may be replaced by a Christmas picture. Christmas carol books are placed on the piano; Christmas records by the record player; Christmas books and magazines on the reading table. There are no limits to the creative possibilities in making the house ready.

For home activities there is the lighting of Christmas candles. Each of the four Sundays before Christmas one candle is lighted with appropriate Scripture, story, Christmas carol and prayer. Various members of the family take part and include guests who happen in or are invited. Sometimes little children and their parents act out the Christmas story as a part of the Christmas candle lighting.

There is preparation of special Christmas treats in the kitchen. Saturdays or evenings when all of the family are at home, offer the best opportunity for baking and decorating Christmas cookies or "goodies." Cookie jars well filled with Christmas shapes and colors make possible informal social periods with a minimum of extra fuss at the time. Favorite games should be at hand and stories to be read aloud or to one's self.

Entertaining in special ways is important. In this family, especially remembered was the Christmas Eve when four foreign students were invited for supper. All helped to decorate the Christmas tree. A Christmas play was read, each person reading one part, Christmas customs of their own homelands were recalled, Christmas carols were sung. All went together to a midnight service at the church.

Looking for someone who has no home or who cannot go home, and

taking him into our home for Christmas may be a rewarding Christmas activity. Packing a box to be sent through Church World Service or other church agencies may enable another family to enjoy Christmas in their own home.

Third, church activities take precedence over other community affairs at this season. Home and church activities are planned so that neither conflicts with the other but rather so that each enhances the value of the other. A not too crowded calendar of events is difficult to achieve but worth striving for. Thoreau, in one of his essays, suggests that music drawn from a harp is enhanced as much by laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibration as by twanging them to produce the sound. Hurrying crowds, and noisy bustle were part of the setting of the first Christmas, but the Gift was given in the unhurried quiet of the stable, lighted by a star accompanied by angels singing.

CHURCHES MUST HELP families to make Christmas Christian in their homes as well as by the quality of the teaching, worship, and other activities at the church. In one church a parents' class planned a Christmas party for families with young children. It was held the first Sunday in the Christmas season. At 3 o'clock after dinner and naps were over, the families came to the church to the "Christmas Workshop," where centers of work were prepared for family participation as follows: 1) Making a crèche of modeling clay or stand-up cut-outs, or of soap carving. 2) Tree decorations and the making of wreaths of evergreen. 3) Christmas stories for reading and telling. 4) Christmas records to own or give to others. 5) Learning new Christmas carols. 6) Finishing candle holder by sanding and painting and decorating it—the holder having places for five candles, one for each of the four Sundays preceding Christmas and one for Christmas morning. 7) Mounting Christmas pictures to be used in a worship center at

home. 8) Spatter painting a Christmas cloth using nativity cut-outs for patterns, the cloth to be used as a back-drop or table cover for Christmas worship center in the home. 9) Making Christmas cards. 10) Packing boxes for Japanese children. The Workshop was followed by a pot-luck supper, carol singing, the showing of a movie, "The Legend of the Christmas Tree," and the evening closed with worship around a completed crèche. As part of the offering, the boxes packed for the Japanese children were presented by the children. Each family made further plans for their own home Christian celebration with the help of two Christmas booklets, *Christmas in the Home* and *The Family Celebrates Christmas*.

Another church has families come together for supper and a "hanging of the greens" in which the church and parish house are decorated for the Christmas season. One young father of a three-year-old reported he had not thought of family worship possible beyond a table prayer or a bedtime prayer. As he and his wife and little boy lighted the Christmas candle, read the Scripture, and sang, "Away in a Manger," the look of wonder and comprehension on the child's face moved him to a deep conviction that this was Christmas, and not trains, nor blocks, nor a shiny triecyle. Santa Claus is a part of the fun at Christmas put is not central in this household now. Each member becomes Santa Claus to others in the family and to those beyond the family, but the reason for gift giving is an expression of thanks for the great gift of God in giving Jesus to the world.

Interpreting the Christmas story to young children, indeed to the whole family, is a spiritual matter, and it occurs in a household which is pervaded by the Christ spirit. The incidents of the biblical story are told and retold in family worship, often dramatized informally by children and parents, but its message lays hold on the hearts of those prepared to receive it.

Squares or Rounds

(From page 9.)

How can a "square" become "round"? Through what means can this be achieved? In carpentry certain tools are needed and it is a delicate process to make the square peg fit the round hole. In life the situation is similar, and the process equally delicate.

The first comes with measurement—an examination of the situation. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters need to ask themselves, "Where do I rub in the family circle? Does my presence in the home make for greater harmony, or is there always friction when I appear? Do I force my ideas, my quirks, my unpleasant moods upon the others? Could it be said to me, 'We were getting along smoothly until you arrived home'?" This latter test is the hardest, but the member who faces it honestly and admits his own square corners has made the initial step toward family harmony.

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us . . ."

With admission of personal faults, there must be a willingness to eliminate them. The member must recognize that "rounds" are more desirable than "squares"; he must be willing to sacrifice pet ways in the desire for group happiness. Like Abraham with Lot, the situation becomes one of selflessness. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee . . . for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? . . . if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Abraham was a "round"!

To cut off the square corners is the next step. Theoretically, this should be clean cut, but in life it is likely to be slow, for old habits persist in reappearing, even when thought to be eliminated. Prayer and unselfishness are doubtless the tools most necessary—used together with a strict application of the Golden Rule. A child whose mother was harassed with too many household cares reported a sudden change of attitude, "Mother has been listening to God and isn't cross at us any more. It's fun at home now." Because of prayer this mother cut off a "square corner." Readiness to compromise can lead to harmony. In a discussion on use of the family car, several high school boys mentioned arguments which arose at home over this. Said Charles, "We never have any trouble in my family. I tell my father in advance when I shall be needing the car and he does the same. We always manage to work things out smoothly." Mutual respect and an advance understanding can save many situations. When Martha complained that the last time she helped her father he had not paid her as much as she expected, Sally remarked, "I am compiling statistics for my father. Before I began my job, we settled on the pay he would give me. We always do things that way, and we never get

into trouble." Here is the Golden Rule applied—as it should be in all family relationships. This Rule with its emphasis upon consideration of others can make sharp edges dull.

It may also be noted that family living forms a pattern for all group living. The girl who has thoughtless, disagreeable traits at home will later exhibit them in the college dormitory or in the apartment shared with other working girls. The son who has kept his square corners will still be rubbing others the wrong way at the office or on the crew. And these ways will go on, moreover, to plague the homes they build, making a new cycle of family frictions. But the young people who have learned at home to be "rounds" will be welcome in any circle.

At a high school conference, two sisters, Jean and Joanne, were placed in adjacent cabins. Each night they made a point to say good-night to each other. Louise, a witness of this, exclaimed, "I wish my sister and I got along the way you two do. We fight like cats and dogs." Jean looked at her in amazement. "Why, Joanne and I have always been close. We get along together perfectly. My sister is my best friend." There was pride and genuine affection in her tone. As the cabin-mates watched the sisters during the week they saw no square edges rubbing; these girls were in Complete harmony, not only with one another but with the camp in general.

What then is the secret for living as "rounds"? St. Paul sums it all in 1 Corinthians 13:4-7: "Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful: it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

Squares or rounds? Friction or harmony? Life's accepted pattern calls for "rounds." Experience proves that "round pegs" fit best. So—Mom, Dad, John, or Sue, do you honestly want to be the "square peg" in the family circle?

Anchor

Only a bird on outstretched wing
Spilling a bar of song,
Helps like a hand extended
When the mile is long.

Only a whispered word of prayer
Winging across the dark,
Brightens the gloomy wayside—
Fans a dying spark.

Only a gentle word, a smile,
Given in nights of storm—
These are the spirit's anchor,
Blaze to keep it warm!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.

"The best opportunity to know Christian life [in Germany] and to know also the heart of our people is to know how we celebrate Christmas."

IT IS NOT easy in a short article to tell Americans something about Christian life in Germany before and after the war. There are too many differences between American life and German life, and there have been also many misunderstandings between the nations. But nevertheless I am sure that there will be a way to sympathetic agreement if we imagine that we are talking together as brothers and sisters in Christ. So I will tell you how Christians lived in Germany before the war and how they live now, with one restriction: I know exactly the situation in northern Germany and especially in the town of Hamburg only. In the other parts of Germany the circumstances were and are different, so that my report is not for the whole of Christian life in Germany.

If you enter the lodgings of a Christian family you will not note any difference between it and other habitations at the first view. But if you look nearer, you will find another "atmosphere" however. You will see a picture of Jesus Christ or a scriptural sentence or the cross of our Lord on one of the walls. You will observe a Bible or a prayer-book on the writing-table. Or you will find a Christian magazine, a photograph of the parson or something like that.

In all Christian families common prayers are an old custom. In most cases these prayers confine themselves only to grace before and after the meals. But there are also a lot of Christians who observe the family worship daily; early in the morning and at the beginning of the night. This worship mostly is managed in the following way: father begins with the introit, then the whole family sings the hymn of the week (every week has a special hymn according to the ecclesiastical year). After the hymn father

reads the lecture of the day, in some cases a short sermon about this text also. Then he prays the daily intercession which closes with the common spoken Lord's Prayer. A short hymn and the blessing conclude this family worship.

And now I will begin to describe something of Christian life before the war. The best opportunity to know Christian life and to know also the heart of our people is to know how we celebrate Christmas. Christmas, the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ, is like a great family-feast in Germany. There is no difference between old and young, poor and rich. They all want the same: to please each other. So the preparations for this festival day begin weeks before: children are working diligently to please their parents, adults are running from one shop to the other to find out something to please their children and relatives. There is no house in which you would not note a mysterious activity.

The main point of all is the Christmas tree. Christmas without this tree is no Christmas. And so you will find the Christmas tree in every family. You can buy such a tree (a fir tree) in each road and you may select if you want a big or a small one, a silver fir or a usual fir. On Christmas Eve morning the tree is set into the best room of the lodgings by the parents. For the children this room remains closed until evening. And now the tree is adorned with colored glass balls, carved work, toys, candies, and many small candles. Then the Christmas presents are put on various tables and covered with table linen. Early in the afternoon the whole family goes to the Christmas vesper at one of the different churches. On the way, they meet many people of their acquaintance. They are all going the same way. The nearer they come to the church, the more tight gets the crowd of festival men. Lastly they enter the church which is filled by hundreds of persons already. On each side of the altar, there is standing a high Christmas tree shining with many small candles. The whole church is illuminated by candles only. And now the organ commences the service, the congregation sings the old Christmas hymns, the minister reads the Gospel of the birth of our Lord, and preaches a short sermon. When the vesper is over, our family does not return home at once. They take a roundabout way looking always up to the windows to discover the first shining

Christian Family Life in GERMANY

Christmas tree. At last they arrive at home, joyful and impatient, especially the children. But they must wait until father or mother has finished the last preparations and has kindled the Christmas-tree candles. Then a small bell rings, and now the long-expected moment has come: they all may enter the festival room with its shining Christmas tree. They all take their seats, sing a Christmas hymn, father takes the old family Bible and reads once more the Christmas Gospel, one of the children recites a Christmas poem, once more a hymn—and then everybody is led to his table or to his corner of the big table where he may find his presents. After the tablecloth is removed, everyone admires his Christmas presents and the whole family remains together until late in the night. By degrees, the children become tired and must go to sleep, not without taking their favorite present with them into their beds. The adults, however, are taking their steps once more to the church to thank God for his grace in the midnight service. The other morning, there are Christmas services for the adults especially. The second Christmas Day is the day of the children's services in most churches.

ANOTHER FESTIVAL day for all Christians besides Easter, Pentecost, Thanksgiving Day, and Reformation is the Confirmation Day. This day mostly is the Palm Sunday, the Sunday before Easter, and is at the same time in most cases the dismissal of the children from the school. Early in the morning, the candidates for confirmation meet in the parish house. They all are dressed in new adult clothing. The boys wear their first long trousers, and the girls their first long clothes. They all are adorned with small bouquets of lilies of the valley. In the meantime, the congregation has assembled in the church. Now the bells begin to ring, the organ plays a prelude, and the candidates for confirmation, with their pastor at the head, enter the church in a long procession. In the subsequent course of the festival service the candidates for confirmation confess the Apostles' Creed and vow to be faithful members of the Lutheran communion. Then the minister declares them as self-responsible members of the congregation and blesses everyone by laying his hands upon their heads. When the service is over, all candidates for confirmation are congratulated by the minister, by their parents, relatives, and acquaintances. On one of the following days—Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, or Easter—all candidates for confirmation receive the Holy Communion together with their parents.

This was a short report of Christian life in Germany before the war. It was impossible to give a comprehensive description; I could tell some typical events only to enable you to have a conception of the circumstances before the war. In the same way I will try to give you a picture of Christian life in Germany after the war.

When the war was over, most of the churches were destroyed by bombs. A few congregations only

had saved their churches or parish-houses where they could meet for the Sunday services. So the first services after the war have been held indigently in the ruins, without bells, without organs, without all customary things, by praying and singing only. But by degrees, some churches were restored or replaced by wood barracks and rooms in other houses, so that the congregations could meet again.

But the members of the congregations had become poor themselves also: every third one of them lost his home by bombs and every fifth by having been expelled by the Russians from Eastern Germany, many of them out of work. And worst of all: there is nearly nobody who had not lost father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister. Many families lost their supporter, a good deal of widows their last son, a lot of children their father. There are distress and hardship, hunger and deficiency in nearly all families.

To celebrate Christmas or one of the other Christian feasts under these conditions was impossible. And so the first Christmas after the war was a very mournful festival: no Christmas tree, no Christmas presents, no Christmas joy. But nevertheless this



—Religious News Service.

These war orphans from Europe may find a happier Christmas for themselves in the foster homes awaiting them in the Middle West.

circumstance led many people into consciousness that the real and remaining Christmas joy is not the presents, the fir or something else, but the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. He also had no house where he could be born. He had no place where he could lay down His head, and He must die expelled by everybody, lonely on His cross. So the Christmas services have been visited by immense crowds of persons. They all wanted to hear the Christmas Gospel. So the first Christmas after the war, in all its poverty, became the richest of all because it made rich the hearts of the men.

The old custom of common prayers in the families has outlived the war in spite of all distress. There is no Christian family who would receive its daily bread without grace, and there are many Christians who observe their daily family worship even nowa-

days. But it is no rarity that instead of the father another member of the family must manage this service now. In many families, however, this is an occasion thankfully taken to keep alive the remembrance of their deceased head. Even this family worship is a big help for many a widow to educate her children to become faithful Christian members of our nation.

NOW OUR LIFE gradually is growing better and better, not at least by the magnanimous help of our American brothers and sisters in Christ. There is still much to do, however, and a lot of help is necessary yet in many cases. But we do not cease to pray and to hope that the Almighty Lord may grant us his graceful help and that he may bless all our Christian friends in the whole world.



A Long Christmas

(From page 33.)

the tiny porches—how I love them all! And how often I've stopped writing to look at them and dream of my little-girl days in that small-town home.

Today George is in a medical school, his slender, talented hands being trained to build whole bodies from injured, broken ones. Today he still loves "long Christmases" though he's home only vacation times for them. But when each first day of December arrives, Henry and I exchange glances across the breakfast table which tell how well we remember the little chap who looked up from mending a broken shoe lace to wish for a long Christmas he could help make.

And we still make our Christmases long ones; and at the same time do all we can to make other parents understand the joy they bring to their children, the generous traits they rouse in them, the knowledge they awaken to the fact that the great day of the month is the birthday of Christ who asked little for Himself but gave all.

And to our sturdy little grandson who spends much time with us we explain the meaning of the verse Donald still quotes often in December:

"Not what we give, but what we share

For the gift without the giver is bare."

Joey and the Paper Money

(From page 31.)

"Did he, really?"

"When he was in the army he perfected something. But then somebody else did, too. And, anyway, the war ended."

"My! my!" said Larry. "It sure is interesting down here. What do you say we build a . . . a bus?"

"How?" asked Joey.

"With the stuff that's here. We could use that old clock."

"It's busted."

"We can put it on the dashboard. And look at all the old wire and electric cords and springs and things. And I saw some more junk in your garage, too. And some boards and boxes. . . ."

"Well, all right."

An hour later Mrs. Brattleboro went to the window to see the bus. The motor was made out of a huge barrel, a German gun handle, the clock, and the skeleton of an old umbrella. The latter was used as a brake handle. There was even a steering wheel, one Mr. Brattleboro had picked up from somewhere years ago.

The bus had side seats. They were made out of ten-inch boards set up off the ground by oil cans, rocks, and stumps of logs. And though the bus had no wheels and no top it was enclosed. Joey had unwrapped Mr. Brattleboro's roll of wide corrugated paper for this purpose.

But it was the children's faces that delighted Mrs. Brattleboro. They sat still and interested in their seats, and one little girl, who had come with her playmates, was pointing out such places as Niagara Falls and Pikes Peak.

Joey was in another world. It was he who guided the bus over plain and across mountains, and his eyes shone like stars. And Larry—Larry, too, was having the time of his life. Larry had traveled in planes and streamliners and taken boat trips on the Great Lakes. But Mrs. Brattleboro knew he had never before ridden on a Brattleboro bus.

It wasn't long before the dinner bells were sounding down the street. Joey pulled back on the umbrella stick and the bus came to a sudden stop. "All out," he called. "You folks go sight-seeing while I repair the motor."

The children climbed out, reluctant to leave. Larry, the last to go, said: "Brattleboro, can I come play with you after I eat?"

"Sure."

"Nothing to do at my house."

Mrs. Brattleboro put her face close to the window screen. "Joey, dear, your play money is all over the place. Why not give it to your little friends and they can use it for buying tickets. For bus rides, I mean."

Joey was too busy tinkering with his motor to look up at her. "Aw, let 'em ride free," he said. "Shucks, what's money, anyway?"

STUDY GUIDE

on

By Robert T. Beck

"Your Family and Its Community"

I. Modern Family Life

- A. Review the article, "Your Family and Its Community" as the preface to a program where previous assignments shall have been given well in advance.
- B. Give a short summary of the family of forty to fifty years ago.
 - (1) Sunday, then and now (2) Church life then and now (3) Industrial life then and now (4) Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" (after reading it aloud) as compared with modern Saturday night.
- C. Activities of modern schools as they affect the family.
 - (1) Clubs (2) Athletic programs (3) Fraternities.
- D. Modern amusements and interests as they affect the family.
 - (1) Lodges (2) Movies (3) Radio (4) Television (5) Spectator sports (6) Automobiles.
- E. What active role is the Church playing in family life?
 - (1) In preparation for marriage (2) Preparation for parenthood (3) The family's social life (4) Family's recreation (5) Cultivation of the Arts (6) Cultivation of hobbies.
- F. Discuss modern industry as affecting family life.
 - (1) Both parents working (2) Sunday used by industry (3) Night shift work (4) Social security and its effect on family budgeting.
- G. Effect of current reading matter on the family.
 - (1) Comics, (2) Pictorial magazines (3) Emphasis on sex (4) Modern magazines interpretation of family life (5) Church magazines such as *Hearthstone* and *The Secret Place* (6) Use of screens for book, movie and magazine selection (7) How to judge books, movies and drama (8) How to choose radio programs (9) Use of the Library for helpful books on these subjects (10) Study of authors and their philosophy.

II. General Discussion

- A. Discuss the idea that success or accomplishment depends on competitive skill.
- B. What are the values in people working together? There is emerging an awareness of what can be done by people working together. Our schools are not just an assembly of children but also an assembly of teachers that must work under an

When Children Come Along

plan for a leader who may:

Guide in Making Christmas Gifts. Suggestions for making things are frequently found in the primary and junior story papers and in this magazine.

Lead a Sharing Project. If your church makes a gift to a children's home, an old people's home, a missionary project, or any other worthy cause, it might be carried forward at this time.

Conduct a Story Hour. Christmas Stories may be found in the primary and junior story papers, in this magazine, and in other sources.

over-all plan. The forming of church councils across our country demonstrates the necessity for working together.

- C. Can the family mind its own business?
 - (1) A new picture of society emerges. It is not enough to be a family that minds its own business. But families must join in minding the business of their neigh-

borhood and their community. (2) It has been proved psychologically that individuals live and work better in fellowships. Families work and live better in fellowships.

- D. Can families as well as individuals develop skills? In such a pattern, there are no unnecessary groups but all can fit into a well-developed program in a church and in a neighborhood.

- E. What makes a good community?

- (1) A good neighborhood is where there are safe streets, modern schools, adequate playgrounds, a neighborhood house, a shopping center. The main objective of a good neighborhood is home conservation. Houses should be well maintained to escape the contagion of urban blight. (2) A neighborhood is rotten at the core when the central land values are so high as to prohibit the development of the houses for dwellings because the central land is being held for future commercial or industrial use. Decentralization cannot be stopped but can be controlled by police power and the power eminent domain. There are times when the blighted section costs more than land for the best residences. (3) A way to correct a neighborhood is to gather together facts, plus sound judgment and acquaintance with new methods, plus courage.

- F. Is community health a problem of the family?

- (1) Family should discover the means of fighting disease. TB Mobile units are available in many communities. (2) Families in a neighborhood can have parents and children examined. (3) Public health nurse is made more readily available as families work together in a neighborhood. (4) What can the family do about community recreation?

- G. Recreation should not be left to commercial agencies.

- (1) Neighborhoods can determine by group action that

movies are shown with emphasis on the family. One family can launch such a program by starting backyard recreation centers. Discuss this movement.

H. Is interracial understanding a responsibility of the family? Discuss the Vermont-Harlem exchange of white and colored children.

I. What can the family do to assist in meeting the delinquency problem?

- (1) The Little League—Family Committees. (See *Reader's Digest*, August, 1950)
- (2) Spot sections where most delinquency is found. Screen the community for housing, movies, recreation, establish vacation schools, endeavor to get Christian families interested in the families in the community.

J. Housing

- (1) Find the needs of your community. Oppose cramped quarters.
- (2) Look into the housing and building codes.

K. Schools.

- (1) Support your public schools

and encourage them and your church to offer courses on family problems, using visual aids.

III. Further Resources

"They Have Got to Learn to Help Themselves" in *Parents' Magazine*, April '42, Page 29.

Patterns of Culture, by Ruth Benedict, Chapter VII.

Your Child Meets the Outside World, by Elizabeth F. Boettger.

Love in the Machine Age, by Floyd Dell.

Character in Human Relations, by Hugh Hartshorn.

Guidance in Democratic Living, by Arthur D. Hollingstead.

The Coming Victory of Democracy, by Thomas Mann.

A New Economic Order, by Kirby Page.

Mental Hygiene in Modern Education, by P. A. Witty and others.

A New Economic Order, by Eleanor Roosevelt.

Parents Can Be People, by Dorothy W. Baruch.

The Adolescent Personality, by Per Blos.

4. Talking it over—testing it out.

Parents can profit by using one of the techniques employed by trained psychiatrists in getting their patients to think through their problems. When your teenager has an important decision to make, help him think it through by asking leading questions. If you begin your session with, "Now look here, young man, I think . . ." you're lost at the very beginning. If you are wise, you will say something like this, "Let's talk this over. What are the advantages of this course of action? What are the disadvantages? What are the real reasons behind your choice? How will this affect the rest of the family and your friends?" You may not arrive where you wanted to, but your teen-ager will be learning to think for himself and that is more important.

Suppose your child has gone ahead on his own and has experienced the results of his decision—good or bad. Now it's time to evaluate his decision. This isn't to be one of those "I told you so" sessions. It begins with questions and discussion. The teen-ager decides that he was wise and followed the right course of action or that he was unwise and followed the wrong course of action. Again he is learning to think things through for himself.

5. We're in this together.

Many families have found that a family council is the best way of working out decisions in a democratic way. Parents and children learn from each other and plan a course of action which represents the thinking of all. Even though the younger ones can't participate in a discussion of high finances, they can help make some decisions and the feeling that they belong and are important will stimulate their growth.

When each one in the family feels "We're all in this together," most decisions can be worked out with Christian love and understanding. And each one goes his way feeling a closer and richer relationship with the others.

Shall I Tell Them?

(From page 23.)

an important school affair from the boy she admired the most of all the boys she knew. Mrs. Bradshaw thought Janet should keep her word. Janet thought she would die if she couldn't accept the date.

But instead of blowing up and shouting at one another, they sat down to talk it over. Mrs. Bradshaw presented her point of view. Janet presented hers. The two were in conflict. But after more thought and more discussion, they came to an agreement. Mrs. Bradshaw agreed to accept the babysitting job for Janet so that her daughter could do the thing she wanted so much to do. Mrs. Bradshaw realized this was an exceptional case and Janet expressed her point of view when she threw her arms around her mother's neck and cried, "Gee, Mom, you're a pal!" After all, wasn't the relationship between mother and daughter more important than breaking a rule just once?

3. A sense of humor is a life saver.

A sense of humor ought to be listed among the virtues of love, kindness, understanding and loyalty

when it comes to the rearing of a family. The family that laughs together often, seldom has serious problems in their relationships. Individuals who can "laugh it off" release their tensions in a satisfactory and acceptable way.

Suppose your John has begged for a jalopy and saved his own money to buy it. Through the months you've discussed it, you think you have planted enough ideas so that he is likely to change his mind. And you relax.

But one day he drives up in his fantastic arrangement of tin and gadgets, proud as if it were a new Buick. Now is the time to summon your sense of humor. If you can recover quickly enough to say, "Well, hurrah, now I can sell the family car!" you'll be more likely to get him to cooperate on some rules about the use of his new jalopy.

If your sense of humor fails you so that you lose your temper, he's likely to go to extremes too and drive that jalopy with a vengeance that won't be very funny.

Family Counselors

Question: My husband and I live on and own a large farm. I have everything except the love of my husband. I am an unusually good housekeeper and have worked hard at saving in order that we could have what we wanted. My husband continually talks about the beauty and charm of my best friend. Really this woman is a spendthrift. Her home does not compare with mine. Please help me to change my husband as he never looks at me anymore.

Answer: It seems terrible when good intentions become the very cause of one's downfall, but this is one instance where that seems to be temporarily true.

Do you recall that Bible verse which says, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Much disappointment and frustration will be avoided if you can only understand that the change needed is not in your husband but in you. You have tried so hard to help your husband own that farm that you skimmed in buying new clothes, neglected personal appearance and exhausted your energies until you are no longer able to be interesting and attractive to him.

What will struggling in a material way for place and security gain for you if you lose your husband? You have probably talked economy until he is sick of hearing about home and material things. He is starved for attention and affection.

Now, only through intelligent understanding is lasting progress available. John 8:32: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The truth is you have neglected yourself. Examine your needs carefully. Plan wisely. Go to the city a few days. Take time in selecting a new outfit, new hair-do, maybe under the guidance of a personal shopper, and most of all stay long

enough to get acquainted with the new charming "you."

Next fill yourself with spiritual truths that you may naturally and harmoniously express qualities of love when the real you greets your husband. A material change without the deep understanding of spiritual progress is meaningless. Examine your plans carefully in little details. Ask God's guidance that you may change your hurt and depression to joy and your husband's starvation to genuine gratitude. Then you will both know permanent happiness, security and the freedom that comes only with recognizing and demonstrating the truth.

D. F.

Question: We are trying to bring up our children in a Christian home, hoping that in due time they will accept Jesus as their personal Savior, join a church, and eventually establish their own Christian homes. But we see so many young people, raised in just such a home, who do not live their adult lives in an actively Christian way, but who drift away from the church, and seem to reject their Christian training. How can we be sure we are giving our children a faith they will want to live by?

Answer: To such a question, it seems to me, there is only one answer—to raise your children to follow Jesus, to live by his teachings, and to want to serve his cause. The emphasis in all our training should be positive. Too often our Christianity is a matter of superficial "Thou shalt nots," rather than the positive commands of Jesus himself. Some say, "Thou shalt not go to the movies on Sunday," and neglect "Love the Lord thy God." Some say, "Thou shalt not play cards or dance or smoke," but forget "Love thy neighbor." Some of us say,

"Don't throw a stone at your playmate" rather than "Let's see how you can play happily together." In all teaching we know that we teach more effectively by teaching positives, not negatives.

So let's give our children a challenging, thrilling positive religion. Let's try to help them to understand the wonderfully vital person Jesus was, and how his message challenges the very best in us. Let's help them know the deep joy of fellowship with God through prayer and study. Let's help them to feel the privilege of service in his name.

E. N. J.

Question: Several months ago, a well-known radio forum debated the question "What makes a successful parent?" I want to know "What makes a successful Christian parent?"

Answer: Very briefly I would answer: A successful Christian parent gives his child a healthy body and an inquiring mind. He gives his child security, self-confidence, and companionship. He leads his child to want to live as Jesus taught us to live, and he helps his child to live that way. Above all, by his own life he shows his child that the way of Jesus is practical, satisfying, and challenging.

E. N. J.



Dorothy
Faust



Elizabeth
N. Jones

Cherubs

for Your Christmas Tree

by
Eleanor Hammond

CHERUB HEADS" look lovely among the green branches of a Christmas tree. The head itself is made of a large wooden bead—the sort used for stringing by small children. The wings are made of shining metal paper. The loop by which the cherub is hung on the tree and the small arms are made from a pipe cleaner. A ten-cent card of little bells will furnish several cherubs with bells to hold.

Cut a wing pattern from a piece of paper, folded double. For adequate stiffness and glitter on both sides, the metal paper wings are two-sided—made of two pieces of metal paper, pasted back to back. It is easier to paste two pieces of the paper back to back, then lay the pattern on and cut the wings. Thus the edges come out exact. With a pencil you can now put in lines to indicate feathers or mark a few small stars on the wings.

Double the pipe cleaner and thrust the two-pronged end through the hole in the wooden bead. Make the loop of the other end and bend apart the "arms," so the bead will stay where you want it. If you bend the loop and the two arms backward you can form a small three-cornered stand to hold the bead just above table level while you are painting the face. Later the arms and loop can be bent back into their final positions.

You need not be a fine artist to make attractive faces for these cherubs. Plain white, to represent skin color, is most effective. With a small water-color brush, paint over about the area you want for the face. Tempera or poster paint is the easiest to use as it dries very quickly. If you invest in ten-cent pots of poster colors in white, red, yellow and blue you can then mix almost any shades you wish for your Christmas decorations. This paint is opaque and so one coat covers. When the white "face" is

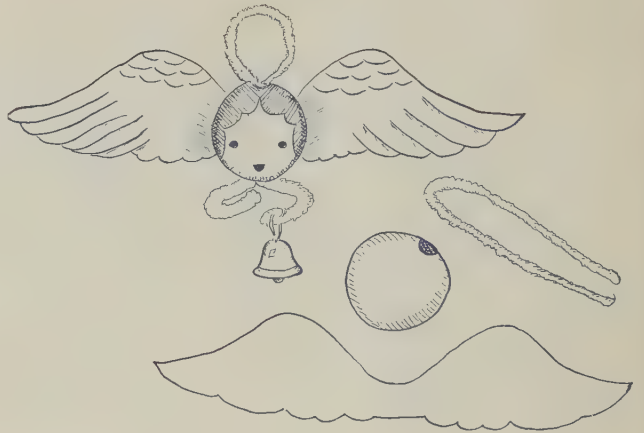
dry, paint in yellow hair in neat scallops around the face and over the back of the head. The three-dot style of face is easiest and usually most effective. Eye, eye, mouth—and don't bother with a nose. Put the eye dots rather far apart and about halfway from top to bottom of the bead. Place the red-dot mouth as the third point of a triangle, fairly low down. Any amateur can make a sweet, innocent-looking little face by this method.

When the bead head is dry bend the pipe cleaner loop straight above the head, curl the two ends like little arms, either with clasped hands under the chin or with a small bell in one hand.

Now place a dot of good cement (not paste or glue) in the middle of the metal paper wings and press the back of the head into it. Your cherub is ready to hang on the Christmas tree!

"Paper Angels" are really glorified paper dolls. Cut a pattern like the one in the drawing, then cut a wing pattern to fit. The halo is a small circle and the songbook a small oblong. All the parts, except the wings, are cut from various colors of kindergarten paper. The wings are white notepaper.

The little angel's face and any trimmings you wish to add to her gown are painted with poster colors before the wings, halo, book and string for hanging on the tree, are pasted. Crayolas may be used for



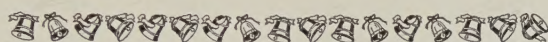
"just for fun!"

the coloring or water colors, but poster paint gives the best effect. Her face is made in just the same way as the face on the bead-headed cherub and is even easier, since you are working on paper and a flat surface. Paint the hands and cuffs on the *wrong* side of the doll-angel. The arms are bent around at the elbows to hold the book of carols, so that is the side which will show when the angel is finished. If you like, the halo may be a circle of shining metal paper, but if so be sure to fasten it on with a drop of strong cement, not ordinary paste. Tiny metal paper stars, dots or flowers can be used on the skirt of the gown. These can be held with paste as the *back* of metal paper does not have the hard surface you find on the "right" side.

When all four pieces have been cut from your colored papers and the painting is dry, you are ready to put the small carol singer together. Perhaps she is a pink angel with a yellow halo and a blue book. Packages of kindergarten paper in assorted colors can be had at many ten-cent stores for a quarter or less. Spread paste on the back of the head and press it down upon the halo. Next lay the figure face down and put a loop of light-weight green twine or heavy black thread with the

ends between her shoulders. Make the loop long enough to extend a couple of inches above the halo, so it will be a convenient size for hanging over a twig on the Christmas tree. Now spread paste on the middle part of the wing section and lay it over the string. This holds your hanging loop in place. You may curl the tips of the wings over the scissors slightly toward the back if you like. Fold the oblong piece, which is the book, across and make a sharp crease, then open it. Spread paste on the hands on the *right* side of your angel, bend the small arms around toward the front and paste the hands to the book. And your little paper angel is ready to flutter among the branches of your tree or decorate a swag of evergreens hung over the mantel.

Such a little paper angel can be pressed flat without injury and enclosed in a Christmas letter or card to grace the tree of some friend who is far away. She makes a lovely greeting to send any child for his tree. A box of several cherub heads and paper angels makes a charming and individual present for almost any friend or relative who loves Christmas trees. You can decorate a flat candy box or buy a regular Christmas box of the right dimensions to hold the gift of little angels.



Christmas Puzzle

By

Ollie James
Robertson

Here is a puzzle especially fitting for Christmas. The definitions of eight words are given and each word begins with the letters "ch." Can you guess what they are?

1. A moveable seat for one person
2. A light two-wheeled carriage
3. A soft limestone rock
4. To sing
5. An army or navy clergyman
6. An ancient two-wheeled car of war
7. A fruit with a small round seed
8. A building of worship

Answers:

chair, chaise, chalk,
chant, chaplain, char-
iot, cherry, church

Bible Quiz

By

E. F. Abbott

This brain teaser is designed to test your memory of the books in the Bible. You are given the first letter in each name. It shouldn't be too hard to name them all correctly.

1. H _ _ _ _
2. E _ _ _ _
3. A _ _ _
4. R _ _ _ _ _ _ _
5. T _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
6. H _ _ _ _
7. S _ _ _ _
8. T _ _ _ _ _
9. O _ _ _ _ _
10. N _ _ _ _ _
11. E _ _ _ _ _

Answers:

1. Hosea
2. Exodus
3. Amos
4. Revelation
5. Thessalonians
6. Haggai
7. Samuel
8. Timothy
9. Obadiah
10. Nehemiah
11. Ezekiel

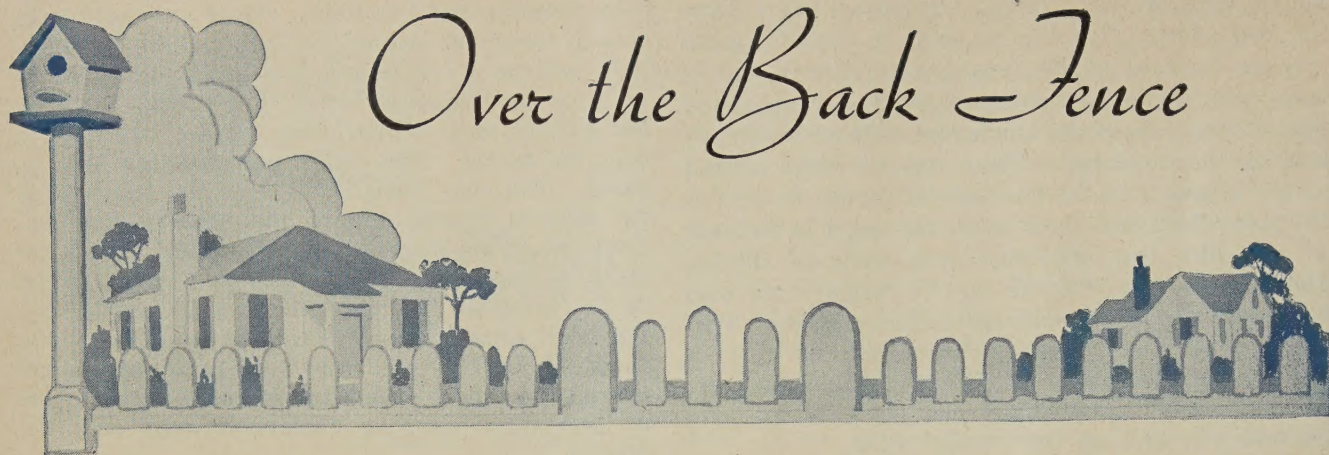
Biblegram Solution

(See page 29.)

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2:13-14.

The Words

- A. Scrooge
- B. Highway
- C. Tie
- D. Needy
- E. Adamant
- F. Slight
- G. Health
- H. Eve
- I. Madonna
- J. Tightly
- K. Daily
- L. Wonderful
- M. Gained
- N. Star
- O. Guided
- P. Pound
- Q. SOS
- R. Nowhere
- S. Whoop
- T. Donate
- U. Tart
- V. Lengthen
- W. Lights



Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace

Jeremiah, the prophet, scorned the priests and prophets of his day for preaching that peace was certain for the nation at the very moment the armies of Babylon were marching down upon Judah for its final destruction. He could see no peace when there was no peace.

Christmas proclaims that in a very real sense Jeremiah was wrong. There *can be peace*, even when there is no peace! Listen!

"Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!"

When that song was sung there was really no peace in the world. Men called it peace, the Roman peace, but it was not peace at all. It was only a time when nations were held in subjection by the iron heel of the Roman legions, very much as Germany is at peace under the occupying military powers of Britain, France, Russia, and the United States.

Yes, says Christmas, there can be peace even now when there is no peace. There can be peace, even when the nations of the world are arming themselves to the teeth against the day when all-out, total war might come again.

Peace, like the kingdom of God, is within you. It is within you only when you can say with Paul, "For he is our peace, who has made us both one, and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility."

In him is our peace! It is not in great possessions. It is not in armies or air forces or navies. It is not in great and powerful nations or even in United Nations. It is only in the sanctuary of the soul that has faith in God who is in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.

You can have that peace this Christmas, if you really want it, and if you are willing to *pay the price*. It will cost you your whole life's devotion to Him who said, "I have said this to you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Yes, Mr. Cerf, It Pays!

Bennett Cerf, author, publisher, lecturer, professional jokester, writes a column called "Trade Winds" in the literary magazine, *Saturday Review of Literature*. In the June 3, 1950, issue he describes the good times he and other literary lights had in Salt Lake City book circles without benefit (?) of liquor or tobacco. He raised the question, horrible thought: Does temperance *really* pay?

If the United States were temperate, Mr. Cerf, it would pay to the tune of eight to ten billion dollars each year in cold cash. This amount is spent for alcoholic beverages by American drinkers annually.

It would pay several more billions of dollars in decreased crime, which costs the nation about twenty billions annually.

It would pay more billions in money saved which now goes to caring for the products of the Skid Rows and the fashionable cocktail lounges.

Even more than money, it would pay in clearer heads, healthier bodies, happier homes, increased productiveness in industry, better neighborhoods, and a soberer, wiser, greater nation.

We Close Volume Two

With this issue of *Hearthstone* we conclude the second volume of "The Magazine for the Christian Family." Your next copy will bear on its masthead these words (required by the postal regulations of the government and closely checked), "Vol. 3, No. 1."

As we thumb through the pages of that volume just now closing, questions come to our minds. Have we given help to our readers? Has that help been at the points where they need it most? Have we failed to touch some of the deepest needs of their lives? Is there something we can do or provide that we have not yet done?

You, our readers, have the answers to those questions. Is there some problem in Christian family living that we might be able to help on? Write the editors and tell us what you would like to have more of or even less of in *Hearthstone*. We want to make it truly *your family magazine*.

Topping All as a Christmas Gift . . .



For . . .
MOTHER . . . to add joy to her day.
FAMILY . . . to make the most of precious
moments together.
SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS . . . to extend
study through the week.
JOHN AND MARY—who married last month.
CAROLYN . . . away at college.
KEN . . . in the service.

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THE SECRET PLACE

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